

Sir Antony Love:

O R,

The Rambling Lady.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL  
by Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by THO. SOUTHERNE.

*Artis severæ si quis amat effectus,*

*Mentemque magnis applicat—*

*—det primos versibus annos,*

*Mæoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem.*

Petro. Arb. Satyr. pag. 3.

L O N D O N,

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MDCXCVIII.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir *Antony Love*.

*Valentine*.

*Ilford*.

Sir *Gentle Golding*.

An *Abbe*.

Count *Canaile* his Brother.

Count *Verole*.

*Palmer*, a Pilgrim.

*Wait-well*, Sir *Antony's* Governour and Con-  
fident.

*Traffique*, a Merchant.

*Cortant*, a Taylor's Man.

Bravo's belonging to Count *Verole*.

Servants.

Servant to Sir *Gentle*.

Servant to *Ilford*.

Mrs. *Montford*.

Mr. *Montford*.

Mr. *Williams*.

Mr. *Bowen*.

Mr. *Antho. Leigh*.

Mr. *Hodgson*.

Mr. *Sandford*.

Mr. *Powel*, Jun.

Mr. *Bright*.

Mr. *Kirkham*.

Mich. *Lee*.

Mr. *Gibber*.

Tho. *Kent*.

## W O M E N.

*Floriante* } Daughters to Count *Canaile*.

*Charlott* }

*Volante*, the *Abbe's* Niece and Charge.

Mrs. *Butler*.

Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Mrs. *Knight*.

## SCENE, *Mompelier*.



Gift of  
Frank S. Thompson  
of Philadelphia



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To my FRIEND

# Tho. Skipwith, Esq;

**T**Here is that certain Argument of Poverty in Poetry, that its Offspring must always be laid at somebodies Door; and indeed, the greatest Master of this Art, will scarce be able to support the Issue of his Brain, upon the narrow Income of a single Reputation.

From the very Start of my Design upon this Play, I had a Design upon you, like a rich Godfather, to ease the Parish of a Charge, and the Parent of a Care, in maintaining it.

You know the Original of Sir Antony, and therefore can best judge how the Copy is drawn; tho' it won't be to my Advantage to have 'em too narrowly compar'd; her Wit is indeed inimitable, not to be painted.: Yet I must say, there's something in my Draught of her, that carries a Resemblance, and makes up a very tolerable Figure: And since I have this occasion of mentioning Mrs. Montford, I am pleas'd, by way of Thanks, to do her that publick Justice in Print, which some of the best Judges of these Performances, have, in her Praise, already done her, in publick places; That they never saw any part more masterly play'd: And as I made every Line for her, she has mended every Word for me; and by a Gaiety and Air, particular to her Action, turn'd every thing into the Genius of the Character.

You have here Seven hundred Lines more in the Print, than was upon the Stage, which I cut out in the apprehension and dread of a long Play.

The Abbe's Character languishes in the Fifth Act for want of the Scene between him and Sir Antony, which I plainly saw before, but was contented to leave a Gap in the Action, and to lose the advantage of Mr. Lee's Playing (which, tho' his Part, that place only gave him an occasion to shew) then run the venture of offending the Women; not that there is one indecent Expression in it; but the over-fine Folk might run it into a design I never had in my head: my meaning was, to expose the Vice; and I thought it cou'd not be more contemptibly expos'd, than in the Person of a wanton Old Man, that must make ev'n the most fashionable Pleasure ridiculous.

I am

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am gratefully sensible of the general good Nature of the Town to me, which you must give me leave to value my self upon, since the Pride proceeds from an Opinion, that I have deserv'd no otherwise from any Man. But I must make my boast (tho' with the most acknowledging respect) of the Favours for the Fair Sex (I may call 'em Favours, and I may boast of Ladies Favours, when there are so many concern'd) in so visibly promoting my Interest, on those Days chiefly (the Third, and the Sixth) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my Play. I won't from their Encouragement imagine I am the better Poet, but I will for the future, endeavour not to give 'em cause of repenting so seasonable a piece of good Nature; and if I can't give 'em a good Comedy, I won't give 'em a very bad one: This has had its Fate, and a very favourable one. And I cannot but have the better esteem of it, for bringing so many of my Well-wishers together.

So far for Prefacing.

Now, Sir, as to my Dedication: I fear my Credit in this place, is as little worth, as in Lumbar-d-street; you may take up Money upon it, as soon as a Reputation: But the Blessing of the Fortune lies in having as little need of your Friend's Purse in the City, as your Friend's Praise in Coven-Garden: They who know you, will take you upon your own Word; and they who don't, will hardly upon mine. However, this I must say, if there be a quickness in the Dialogue, and Conversation of this Comedy, I owe it in a great measure to my familiarity with you; which in the freedom of several Years, has giv'n me a thousand occasions of Envy and Admiration; and at last perswaded me to an Imitation of what I have heard with so much pleasure and pain. I wou'd not flatter a Friend: But I have often thought, and sometimes told you, That were it as much in your inclination, as 'tis in your power, to write Comedy, no Man cou'd better succeed in't, because no Man can be more naturally design'd for the Undertaking. I don't pretend to add any thing to the Character of a Man so very well known: If I have a design, behind the pleasing my self, in Dedicating this Play to you, 'tis to secure the Esteem of being thought your Friend: As I have the Title, I desire to continue the Thing; being very much

Your humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

# Sir Antony Love:

O R,

## The Rambling Lady.

*Enter Sir Antony Love, and Wait-well following him.*

*Sir Ant.* **W**ELL, Governour, I think I have Atchiev'd, under thy Conduct, as considerable a Character in as short a time—  
*Wait.* Nay, you come on amain.

*Sir Ant.* And, though I say it, have done as much—

*Wait.* And as much as you.

*Sir Ant.* For the Credit of my Country-men, and the Reputation of a Whoremaster, as the errant Rake-hell of 'em all.

*Wait.* You're a pretty Proficient indeed, and so perfectly act the Cavalier, that could you put on our Sex with your Breeches, o' my Conscience, you would carry all the Women before you.

*Sir Ant.* And drive all the Men before me; I am for Universal Empire, and would not be stinted to one Province; I would be fear'd, as well as lov'd: As famous for my Action with the Men, As for my Passion for the Women.

*Wait.* You're in the way to't; you change your Men as often as you do your Women; and have every day a new Mistress, and a new Quarrel.

*Sir Ant.* Why, 'tis only the Fashion of the World, that gives your Sex a better Title than we have, to the wearing a Sword; my constant Exercise with my Fencing Master, and Conversation among Men, who make little of the matter, have at last not only made me *adroit*, but despise the Danger of a Quarrel too.

*Wait.* A Lady-like Reputation, truly. But how preposterously Fortune places her Favours, when no body is the better for 'em.

*Sir Ant.* Why how now, Governour?

*Wait.* She seldom gives a Man an Estate, who has either the Conscience or Youth to enjoy it—

*Sir Ant.* But he may leave it to one who has.

*Wait.* An honest Man might be thankful for half your Fortune with the Women. But what pleasure can you find in following 'em?

*Sir Ant.* The same that some of the Men find.

*Wait.* You can't enjoy 'em.

*Sir Ant.* But I may make 'em ready for those who can.

*Wait.* Are there such Sports-men?

*Sir Ant.* Very many, who beat about more for Company, than the pleasure of the Sport; and if they do start any thing, are better pleas'd with the accidents of the Chase, the Hedges, and Ditches, than the close Pursuit of the Game; and these are sure never to come into the Quarry.

*Wait.* This is so like you now: Why Love shou'd be your business; and you make a business of your Love: You are young and handsome in Petticoats; yet are contented to part with the Pleasures of your own Sex, to ramble into the Troubles of ours. In my Opinion, you might be better employ'd.

*Sir Ant.* I do it to be better employ'd; to recommend me to *Valentine*, for whose dear sake I first engag'd in the Adventure; robb'd my Keeper, that nauseous Fool *Golding*, of Five hundred Pounds, and under thy Discretion, came a Collonelling after him here into *France*.

*Wait.* Why do you lose time then? Why don't you tell him so?

*Sir Ant.* Thou wou'dst have had me, with the true Conduct of an *English* Mistress, upon the first inclination, cloy'd him with my Person, without any assurance of his relishing me; enough to raise his Appetite to a second taste: No, now I am sure he likes me; and likes me so well in a Man, he'll love me in a Woman; and let him make the Discovery if he dares.

*Wait.* Let me live.

*Sir Ant.* To the Lodgings you shall; those I saw, and lik't; they're Private, and Convenient, make 'em ready; I'll tell thee all anon—— And do you hear—— my Female Wardrobe too must be produc'd, my Womans Equipage—— [*Wait-well going.*] For as the Conduct of Affairs now goes, I'm best disguis'd in my own Sex, and Cloaths. Hey, I had forgot; bring me the Fifty Pieces I spoke of, the Five hundred are in good Health yet, Governour.

*Wait.* But sicken at that sound.

*Sir Ant.* *Valentine* and *Ilford* are disappointed of their Bills, and in spite of their good Estates want Money; now, tho' I lend upon the old consideration of borrowing a greater Sum, Fifty Pieces are convenient.

*Wait.* And will be welcome to 'em at this time——

*Sir Ant.* Most certainly; and take this along with you, Governour; You must make your Conversation necessary sometimes, as well as agreeable, to preserve a Friendship with an English-man.

*Enter Valentine and Ilford.*

*Val.* How's this, *Sir Antony*? under the Discipline of your Governour, and his Wisdom, this Morning?

*Sir Ant.* Like a good Christian, *Valentine*, clearing old Accounts, that I may begin a new Score, with a better Conscience.

*Ilf.* Confessing, and repenting past Enormities——

*Sir Ant.* About the pitch of thy Piety, *Ilford*; repenting only, because they are past.

*Val.* So far you may repent with Honour.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, I Confess my self a Child of this World; for at this mo-  
ment



ment I have a Hint from my Constitution, that tells me the pleasure of thy Example——

*Val.* Thou art above Example, or Imitation——

*Sir Ant.* Will go near to overthrow the Wisdom of his Precepts; the Morality of thy Beard, Governour——

*Wait.* But, Sir, it wou'd be well.

*Sir Ant.* It wou'd be better, Sir, thou pitiful Preacher, wou'dst thou but follow thy Pimping; 'tis a better Trade, and becomes thy Discretion as well: You'll find me hereabouts——

[*Thrusts out Wait-well.*]

*Val.* You have Compounded for Whoring then, *Sir Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* Any thing but Fighting; he has swing'd me away for my Quarrel yesterday i'th' Tennis-Court.

*If.* You deserv'd to be swing'd for't——

*Val.* I shou'd chide you too, though 'twas upon my account.

*If.* To run a Gentleman thro' the Arm, for not witnessing all you said in Commendation of *Valentine*——

*Val.* When he was not so much as acquainted with my Person——

*If.* Was——

*Sir Ant.* Something more bold than welcome, I grant you; but I had not fought a great while, my hand was in, and I was pushing at Reputation. For, I Gad, I look upon Courage to proceed more from Habit and Practice, than any Virtue of the Mind.

*Val.* How, *Sir Anthony*? *Sir Anthony* says something in Family——

*Sir Ant.* Wooden Legs, in a great many, *Valentine*.

*If.* Courage often runs in a Blood——

*Sir Ant.* They say so of the Pox, indeed. The Sins of the Fathers may run in the Blood sometimes, and visit the third and fourth Generation: But their Virtues dye with the Men. And if the Example, and Custom of the World (supported by good eating and drinking) had not infus'd a nobler Spirit into the Blood, than any deriv'd from the Father; most Men had continu'd like those, who stay with their Fathers; Elder Brothers all; and had never offer'd at an Intrigue, above a red Petticoat; or a Quarrel, above a Rubber at Cuffs.

*If.* 'Tis sensibly extravagant, and wild!

*Val.* Inimitably new! But how do you to avoid Drinking?

*Sir Ant.* Why that avoids me, thanks to the Custom of the Countrey, and the better Diversions of this Place; not but I can arrive at a Bottle too.

*If.* If you were in London——

*Sir Ant.* There I grant you—— Where the young Fellows begin the Reputation of their Humour and Wit in a Pint Glass, carrying 'em, without intermission of sense or jest, to the end of the third Bottle; and then thro' the publick places, and folly of the Town.

*Val.* There you wou'd be at a loss.

*Sir Ant.* I shou'd indeed; where they go to Taverns, to swallow a Drunkenness; and then to a Play, to talk over their Liquor.

*If.* I thought that folly fell off with their Fathers——

*Val.* The Entertainment of it did indeed.

*If.* Who, as they began it in their Frolick, supported it in their Wit.

*Sir Ant.* And since the Sons are so plainly disinherited of the Sense, they have no Title to the Sins of their Fathers.

*Val.* Unless they kept 'em more in Countenance.

*If.* Yet they would do something, like their Fathers.

*Val.* As an ignorant Player in *England*, whom I saw undertaking to Copy a Master Actor of his time; began at his Infirmary in his Feet; and growing famous for the imitation of his Gout, he cou'd walk like him, when he cou'd do nothing else like him.

*Sir Ant.* The Gout, and the Pox take him for't——

*If.* And all those, I say, who, only from their Opinion of themselves, are encourag'd to meddle in other Men's matters, without ever bringing any thing about of their own.

*Sir Ant.* Aye, those meddling Fools, *Ilford*! who are in all places, yet ever out of their way——

*If.* And not only out of their own way, but always in other Mens——

*Sir Ant.* And still as ridiculous as a Fellow of thy Severity and Reserve wou'd be in the fantastical Figure of a Lover.

*If.* Whoever has the Woman; you have your Wit, *Sir Antony*——

*Sir Ant.* They go together, Sir—— You'll find it so.

*Enter a Pilgrim.*

*Val.* Whom have we here?

*Sir Ant.* A Pilgrim Brother of *Pilgrimage*——

*Val.* One of that travelling Tribe, without their Circumcision.

*Sir Ant.* Of Christian Appellation, a Pilgrim.

*Val.* 'Tis a senseless Constitution of Men!

*Sir Ant.* Who make themselves Mad, to make the rest of the World Fools, by finding a Faith for all their Fopperies.

*Val.* How can they pass upon the World?

*Sir Ant.* As other Constitutions, and Orders of Men as senseless, pass; that are founded too in as much Cozenage and Roguery as this can be.

*If.* You are an Enemy of Forms, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* Oh, Sir, the Virtue of the Habit often covers the Vices of the Man: There's Field enough in *England* to find this in, without the Abbeys, Gentlemen.

*If.* Weeds are the general growth of every Soil.

*Val.* How many Fools in the State, and Atheists in the Church, carry themselves currant thro' their Congregations and Clients, to great Employments; and, being arm'd only with the Authority and Countenance of their Cloathing, secure themselves from the discovery and sensure of the Court and Town?

*Sir Ant.* These are Disguises, I grant you, worth a sensible Man's putting on; but a Pilgrim's Habit is as ridiculous as his Pretence; and I wou'd no more wear a Fools Coat, to be thought devout; than be devout for the sake of the Livery.

*If.* Fools are the Guts of all Churches, and make the Bulk of every Opinion.

[Exit Pilgrim.]

*Val.* Hang

*Val.* Hang him, let him pass; spare him for the sake of the Church, and spare the Church for the sake of our *Abbe*.

*Sir Ant.* Who is, indeed, a most considerable Pillar of it, to his own profit, and our pleasurable living in this Town.

*Ilf.* He is a very Pope in *Mompelier*, the Head here——

*Sir Ant.* And a fit Head he is for such sinful Members as we are.

*Ilf.* We Members! You are a Protestant, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* You may be surly enough to tell 'em you are one; but I am always of the Religion of the Government I am in——

*Val.* And of the Women you converse with, *Knight*:

*Sir Ant.* And when I can't convince 'em, I conform.

*Ilf.* A very civil Character of a fashionable Conscience.

*Val.* Of a sensible Man, I think: Why must your Capacity be the Measure of another Man's Understanding? And all Men be in the wrong, who don't dance i'th' Circle of your Thoughts?

*Sir Ant.* Every Man a Villain, or a Fool, who does not fall into your Notion of things?

*Val.* No Opinion ever sprung out of an Universal Consent; Truth can no more be comprehended, than Beauty: We have our several Reasons for the one, and Fancies for the other. And as Beauty has not the same influence upon all Complexions; so Reason has not the same Force upon all Understandings: We embrace what pleases us in both, secure our selves in a probability, and ~~goe out the rest~~.

*Sir Ant.* *Ilford* is one of those Fellows, whom if you divide from in one thing, will never close with you in any. Tho' the *Abbe* and you do differ about the way to Heav'n, you may go to the Devil together, I warrant you.

*Val.* However wide we may be from his Opinion of ~~rather~~ World, I'm sure he joyns with us in our Opinion of this.

*Sir Ant.* For my part, I regard the Man, not his Religion; and if he does my Business in this World, let him do his own in the next.

*Ilf.* Nay, Gentlemen, I have as honourable an Opinion of the *Abbe*, as you can have: I know there's nothing to be done without him——

*Sir Ant.* That the Conversation of the best Families in *Mompelier* runs thro' his Reformation——

*Ilf.* That some of our Fortunes——

*Sir Ant.* All our Fortunes——

*Ilf.* Yours particularly with *Floreante*, at present depending upon his Favour, against the Authority of her Father——

*Val.* And the Quality of my Rival, Count *Verole*.

*Sir Ant.* No Dancings, no Balls, no Masquerades, in a sweet Circle of Society, as it has been, from one Good House to another, without his Introduction and Gravity to qualifie the Scandal.

*Val.* Substantial Reasons for our Respect.

*Ilf.* Weighty Motives all for our Attendance.

*Sir Ant.* Are they so, *Sir*? No more of your Protestant then, if you would not be damn'd for a Heretick, by the Women in a Catholick Country.

*Val.* We should ha' been at our Patron's Levy, Gentlemen.

*Sir Ant.* He'll bate us us the Ceremony: You're going to visit him?

*Val.* You

*Val.* You must along with us.

*Sir Ant.* I'll follow you.

*Val.* You are his Favourite ; we are no body without you——

*Ilf.* The support of our interest with him.

*Sir Ant.* Business, Business, Gentlemen.

*Val.* Pox o' your Business——

*Ilf.* 'Twill end in that——prithee let him go; a Whore I warrant you——

*Sir Ant.* Money, Money, Sir, more Filthy, and more Common than a Whore; more prostituted too, to Knaves and Fools: Yet my grave Friend, you'll have a share in both, or I mistake your Nature.

*Val.* You are answer'd.

*Ilf.* Indeed my little Friend is so far right, Money, and Whore, make one another's use; either is dull alone.

*Enter Pilgrim.*

*Val.* This Pilgrim here again!

*Sir Ant.* He follows us; what would he have?

*Pilg.* Your Charity, good Gentlemen.

*Sir Ant.* Prithee leave us; there's Charity in my Advice to thee, not to lose thy labour; besides, we are English-men; and never think of the Poor out of our own Parish.

*Val.* Nor there neither, but according to Law, and when we cannot help it.

*Ilf.* Charity is a Free-will Offering. and we must wish nothing we can keep, I assure you——

*Val.* Not so much as our sins.

*Ilf.* Especially at this time——

*Sir Ant.* Unless it be to live upon 'em.

*Pilg.* Alas! what pity 'tis, that Gentlemen so much in debt——

*Sir Ant.* That we shall never pay——

*Pilg.* To Heaven——

*Sir Ant.* And other Creditors.

*Pilg.* Of Youth so sweet, of Form so excellent——

*Sir Ant.* You or me, *Ilford*? Who does he mean?

*Pilg.* So finish'd, by the great Creator's Hand, I worship him in thee.

[To *Sir Antony*.

*Ilf.* As thou do'st the King's Picture in his Coyn——

*Val.* In hopes of getting by it.

*Pilg.* You are so fashion'd——

*Sir Ant.* For a Sinner.

*Pilg.* And by Nature's Hand design'd——

*Sir Ant.* A Whoremaster.

*Pilg.* You can't want——

*Sir Ant.* Women? No, *Pilgrim*, I shan't want 'em, in thy Acquaintance, I'm sure.

*Pilg.* You can't want Grace, the Beauty of the Soul, the Accomplishment of Virtue to the work: You can't want Chairty; for Charity is call'd our Gratitude to Heav'n——

*Ilf.* You call it so.

*Pilg.* You would not be Ungrateful?

*Sir Ant.* I would not be a Fool, nor imagine such an Ass as thou art could ever be Commission'd, a' God's Name, to collect the Revenues of this World——

*Val.* Nor



*Val.* Nor to Convert (those Deodands of Devotion) the publick Charitable Endowments of Bigotted, or Dying Fools, to the private Luxury of your own Lazy Tribe.

*If.* We build no Churches, *Pilgrim*, nor found Hospitals, but in our own Countrey; nor there neither, but to Father our own Bastards.

*Sir Ant.* Your Mendicant Women-Saints, we allow off indeed: All our Charity runs thro' their Devotion.

*Val.* Soft little Hands become an Offering, and those we often fill.

*Pilg.* Are you so lost.

*If.* To all that thou can't say.

*Sir Ant.* Thy Godlineſſ may Convert others, tho' it does nothing upon us.

*Pilg.* What can I do for you?

*Sir Ant.* Pimp for us.

*Pilg.* I will Pray for you.

*Sir Ant.* Do't in a Corner alone then, [*Thrusts him out.*] Be as Godly as thou wou'd by thy ſelf; and leave us to our Devotions.

*Pilg.* I may joyn with you in yours, before I have done; the *Abbe* won't fail me. [*Exit Pilgrim.*]

*Sir Ant.* I have my hands full, Gentlemen; but my Trade is ſettled, my Correspondence eaſie, my Factors employ'd, and my Returns will be quick.

*Val.* Pray make 'em ſo; and come as ſoon as you can to us.

*Sir Ant.* I ſail with every wind, in the Teeth of Fortune ſometimes.

*Val.* Have a care of being bit, *Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* I ſhall be bit by an older Sinner. *Valentine.* I warrant you — [*Exit Sir Antony.*]

*If.* You may venture him: He has nothing to loſe, that I know of, but his Youth; and that wonnot long ſupport the expence of the life he leads.

*Val.* He loſes no time, indeed.

*If.* But miſemploys a great deal, in my Opinion.

*Val.* Youth will have its Sallies.

*If.* The Sallies of his Youth will ſooner lead him to Repentance and the Pox, than to his Mannor of *Love-dale*, as he calls it.

*Val.* His Manſion-houſe in *Gloceſterſhire.*

*If.* His Caſtle in the Air, which no Man ever heard of, till he was pleas'd to fancy, and Chriſten it, for the Seat of his Family.

*Val.* Then you don't believe him a Barronet, of twelve hundred pounds a year, under Age, and upon an Allowance for his Travel, from his Guardians?

*If.* I believe he may have been ſome Court Page, ſpoil'd firſt by the Confidence of his Lady, in knowing her Secrets; then coming early into the iniquity of the Town, by the merit of his Perſon, and impudence, has ſince made a fashionable Livelihood, out of Women and Fools.

*Val.* I don't know who he is, or wat he has: If he be no Knight, he's a pretty Fellow, and that's better: And if he has not Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year, he deſerves it, and does not want it: Which is more than you can ſay of moſt of your Knights, that have that Eſtate, I'm ſure.

*If.* Nay, that I grant you too.

*Val.* He lives as like a Gentleman, has all things as well about him; is as much reſpected by the Men, and better receiv'd by the Women, than any of us.

*If.* He's

*Isf.* He's a pretty Womans Man indeed.

*Val.* And a merry Man's Man too, Sir; for you must own, he has a great deal of Wit.

*Isf.* Pretty good Natural Parts, I confess; but a Fool has the keeping 'em, no Judgment in the World; and what he says, comes as much by chance—

*Val.* As *Epicurus's* World did; Perfect, and Uniform, without a Design.

*Isf.* He flies too much at random to please any Man of Discretion.

*Val.* There is indeed the Quarrel of Twelve Years difference, between thy Discretion, and his Wit. He may live up to thy Discretion, *George*, but we shall neither of us arrive at his Wit.

*Isf.* How long will his Wit support him?

*Val.* That must be his Care, and not our Business: I never examine any man's Pockets, that is not troublesome to mine.

*Isf.* If he be not troublesome, his Necessities may throw him upon some scandalous Action—

*Val.* That may require thy Bailing him?

*Isf.* That may reflect upon us.

*Val.* O! thou wert always tender of thy Reputation, when thou wert to pay for the Scandal, I'll say that for thee, *Isford*: But if want of Money be a Crime; Heav'n help the guilty: We are disappointed of our Bills at present too.

*Isf.* But we have Letters of Credit, and may use 'em upon occasion.

*Val.* And he has *Ordres* too, which he may use too, upon Occasion; for I am so far from apprehending he may, that I am resolv'd he shall want nothing I can oblige him in, Pocket or Person.

*Isf.* O! Sir, you need not doubt his giving you an opportunity of shewing your Gallantry in that part of your Friendship; he'll borrow Money of you, warrant you.

*Val.* And he shall have it, tho' I borrow it for him. But, Sir, you had not always this slight Opinion of *Sir Antony*.

*Isf.* I did not always know him.

[Walking off.]

*Val.* Nor he the *Abbe's* Niece.

*Isf.* I found him out but lately.

*Val.* For your Rival.

*Isf.* His Vanity, Extravagance, and general Pretension to Women, are intolerable—

*Val.* Especially when the gayety of that Humour is likely to get the better of your formality, in *Volante's* esteem: He is your Rival.

*Isf.* My Rival!

*Val.* And I don't wonder, you don't like him.

*Isf.* He's a general Undertaker, indeed; and in that part of his Conversation, is as impertinent to the Women, as in other things he is troublesome to the Men: So I think it wou'd be our common good Fortune to get rid of him.

*Val.* I am not of your mind: And here he comes to convince you.

Enter *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* Just as I left you! You scorn to stir an inch out of your quality, to put your selves in the way of Fortune, tho' you know her to be blind.

*Val.* You

*Val.* You meet her at every turn, *Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* She must come home to you to be welcome.

*Ilf.* When do you bring her home?

*Sir Ant.* But you may be fullen, and sour, domineer, threaten your Stewards, and talk loud at a Disappointment; you are in possession, Gentlemen:

*Enter Wait-well with a Purse.*

My Guardians won't be so serv'd: My Governour teaches me to provide against Accidents: What I want of my Age, I must supply with my Diligence.

*[Wait-well gives him the Purse.]*

*Ilf.* And have your labour for your pains.

*Sir Ant.* I can take pains, Sir, and the profit of my pains, Sir; Fifty pieces in a Morning, Sir, the price of my pains, and give the Lady a pennyworth into the Bargain.

*Ilf.* How! Fifty Pieces?

*Val.* From a Woman, *Sir Antony?* *Sir Ant.* Nothing, Sir, a trifle.

*Val.* Your Mistress pays like a Widow——

*Sir Ant.* That had lost her Youth upon a Husband, and the hopes of a Joynture——

*Ilf.* And just deliver'd, wou'd redeem the folly of the past, by the enjoyment of what's to come——

*Val.* In a sober Resolution, of making the price of her pennance, the purchase of her pleasure——

*Sir Ant.* By refunding upon a young Fellow, what she had wheadl'd from an old one.

*Ilf.* I warrant her old, and ugly, by her Pension.

*Sir Ant.* She's young enough to be a Maid, handsome enough to be a Mistress, cunning enough to be a Wife, and rich enough to be a Widow.

*Val.* Faith, she comes down——

*Sir Ant.* Deeper than I can, I assure you.

*Ilf.* She pays well, I'll say that for her.

*Sir Ant.* And is well—— I'll say that for her.

*Val.* And does every thing well.

*Sir Ant.* You wou'd say that for her, *Valentine?* And she does every thing well; that way she is a Widow, I promise you.

*Ilf.* Take us into your Assistance.

*Val.* We are Friends, and will stand by you.

*Ilf.* We are out of Employment that way——

*Val.* And wou'd Journey-work under you.

*Sir Ant.* Any thing to be wicked, Gentlemen: But, *Ilford*, thou art honourably in Love, and hast it too much in thy head, to have it any where else. Besides, she's so much of my humour, she'll never relish thine.

*Val.* She must not go out of our Family.

*Sir Ant.* She's handsome and convenient; as able to answer all our wants, as all we are to satisfy the importunity of hers.

*Val.* Well; I am satisfy'd, I am her Man.

*Sir Ant.* Or any Woman's Man, who wants to be satisfy'd.

*Val.* She must like me, for being of her Opinion, in liking thee.

Sir *Ant.* That indeed may do something, and time may bring it about : In short, this is the English Lady you have heard me speak of : I allow her the favour of my Person ; and she allows me the freedom of her Purse : And I am glad I command it so luckily, to answer the Occasions of my Friends.

*If.* You can command nothing we can have occasion for.

*Val.* By your Pardon, Sir, you may be too proud to be oblig'd ; but I have occasion for the Money and Woman too, so as you were saying, Sir *Antony*——

*Enter a Servant, Ilford goes to him.*

Sir *Ant.* Why, I still say a true bred English-man is ever out of humour when he's out of Pocket : He knows no more how to want Money, than how to borrow it——

*Val.* And when he does, is as furly in borrowing, as others are in lending Money.

Sir *Ant.* 'Tis almost as dangerous too, to offer him Money, as to lend Money to another Man : For he is as likely, out of a want of Sense, to suffer your Courtesie, as a Stranger, out of a want of Honesty, never to return it.

*Val.* That way, indeed, our Countrymen take care, never to think themselves oblig'd : We can be ungrateful——

Sir *Ant.* And cheat our Benefactors of their good Offices, by an Ingratitude, almost natural to us ; and that makes a tolerable amends for our want of the more subtilty Villanies of ~~various~~ Countries.

*Val.* But the Lady, Sir *Antony*——

Sir *Ant.* More of the Lady at leisure ; in the mean time, here are Fifty Pieces of hers, too keep up your Fancy : If your Occasions require a greater Sum—— she shall supply you——

*Val.* And I'll supply her.

Sir *Ant.* Upon your Bond, for the payment of the whole to her in *England*——

*Val.* By all means.

Sir *Ant.* A Blank Bond, because she wou'd not be known here.

*Val.* With all my Heart, but won't she take a Gentleman's Word ?

Sir *Ant.* O yes, when she has his Bond for the performance. When our furly Friend is Civil enough to be oblig'd, I have a Twin-Purse at his Service too.

*Val.* You are very much out of his Favour of late.

Sir *Ant.* So I find : What's the Matter with the Fool ?

*Val.* How have you disoblig'd him ?

Sir *Ant.* But he's in Love, and consequently an Ass.

*Val.* And I believe Jealous of you.

Sir *Ant.* Faith I'll give him Cause. *Volante* is as fit for my purpose of Tormenting him that way, as I could wish. Shall we to the *Abbe*, Gentlemen ?

*If.* *Golding* ! An English-Man ?

*Ser.* So his Servants tell me, Sir.

*If.* Just come to Town, say'st thou ?

*Ser.* He has not peep'd abroad, since his coming, Sir.

*If.* Do you know any such Gentleman, *Valentine* ?



*Val.* I did ; a considerable Coxcomb of that Name, in *England* ; a Knight Sir *Gentle Golding*. Sir *Antony*, you may have known him too.

*Sir Ant.* I have heard of him. If this shou'd prove my Coxcomb Governor. [*Aside to him.*]

*Val.* But Damn him, he has not Courage enough to cross the Channel.

*Sir Ant.* I know he is in *France*, I heard of him at *Paris*.

*Serv.* Faith, Sir, it must be the Man——

*Sir Ant.* Whom we must manage then.

[*To Wait-well.*]

*Val.* Why do'st think so ?

*Serv.* Your Description is so like him, Sir.

*Val.* Why, hast thou found him out——

*Isf.* For his Father's Son, and his Mother's Fool.

*Sir Ant.* And our Fool, Gentlemen : If he be a Fool, I'll have my Snack of him.

*Serv.* There's enough for you all, without wronging the Family, as he will quickly convince you. He knows you, Sir—— [*To Valentine.*]

*Val.* Then 'tis the very Fool.

*Serv.* And designs to wait upon you.

*Val.* At his Peril be't : I owe him a Revenge, for *Lucia's* sake.

*Isf.* Is this the Spark ?

*Val.* That bought her of her Aunt——

*Sir Ant.* Now for my Character.

[*To Wait-well.*]

*Val.* When she was yet too young, to Judge between the Fortune and the Fool.

*Sir Ant.* That's some Excuse however.

*Isf.* A little time shew'd her, her senseless Bargain.

*Val.* So I hear.

*Sir Ant.* Which, she repenting, gave you the cheaper Penniworth of her Person : Then was the time——

*Val.* That I was in *France* ; out of the reach of any other Pleasure, had she design'd me any, than the bare News, that she had found him out, loath'd, and abhorr'd him.

*Isf.* Loathing and Abhorring, are Tokens of Mortification indeed : But Pennance is not enough for such a Fault ; 'tis generally as short liv'd, as the Sin that begot it. What marks of Amendment has she since given ?

*Sir Ant.* What marks of Amendment wou'd you have ?

*Val.* I know nothing of her Amendment.

*Sir Ant.* Wou'd you have her Snivle, like a Girl ; more afraid of her Mother, than the Sin ; and cry, forgive me this one slip, I'll do so no more——

*Val.* Repent upon the first Intrigue——

*Sir Ant.* Turn Honest, and disparage the Pleasure, by leaving the Trade.

*Val.* That must not be.

*Sir Ant.* By no means, *Valentine*.

*Val.* Wou'd you have her already fall off——

*Sir Ant.* Become a Civil Person——

*Val.* And take up——

*Isf.* With some body that better deserves her ; that way I wou'd have her a Civil Person, and fall off from her Fool.

*Sir Ant.* Indeed a Woman never repents of a Fool so heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Sense.

*Val.* How Fortune has dispos'd of her, I know not ; but I lik'd her once so well,

well, I wou'd have her still preserve my good Opinion of her Conduct: If she has manag'd her Monster, as he deserv'd, she has made Money and Mirth of him; and me some Amends for the loss of her, by mending her Condition.

*Sir Ant.* If that will preserve your good Opinion of her, she will continue it: For I hear she has us'd him as ill, as you cou'd desire from your Revenge; or the Town expect from their Hopes of a Libel.

*Val.* Then I honour her.

*Sir Ant.* She has robb'd him of Five Hundred Pounds, run away from him; and so expos'd him, that he has been the common Rhyming Theam, the Hackney *Pegasus* for the Puny Poets to set out upon, in their vast Ambition, of arriving at a Lampoon.

*Isf.* And that perhaps has sent him into *France*.

*Val.* Well, I will have her Knighted.

*Sir Ant.* Of what Order? A Knight Errant, or an Errant Knight?

*Val.* A Knight Errant, of thy Order, she must be.

*Wait.* That she is already.

[*Aside.*]

*Val.* And thee a Right Honourable, for thy News.

*Sir Ant.* You may depend upon it.

*Val.* If ever I light on her, I'll thank her for this Justice to us all.

*Isf.* *Golding* may tell us more of her.

*Val.* So he may; you, *Sir*, wait at our Lodgings for him, [To a Serv.]  
And direct him to the *Abbe's*, if he comes:

We'll laugh at him, if we do nothing more.

*Sir Ant.* But he and I must clear another score.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I. A Garden.

Count *Canaile*, and the *Abbe*.

*Can.* **B**rother, you may forget your self, and your Rank, as much as you please, in our Niece *Volante*: I have nothing to do with her, but to wish her well.

*Abb.* 'Tis very well.

*Can.* You are her Guardian: Her Person, her Fortune, and her Conduct are in your Care.

*Abb.* I'll take Care of 'em.

*Can.* You must answer for 'em.

*Abb.* I will answer for 'em.

*Can.* But my Daughters are under my Government; and whilst they are, they must, nay shall do nothing to dishonour me.

*Abb.* They will do nothing to dishonour you.

*Can.* I'll put it out of their Power, had they a mind to't.

*Abb.* They ha' no such Mind.

*Can.* That's more than I can tell, from the Liberties you give these English-men in our Family—

*Abb.*

*Abb.* They are Gentlemen.

*Can.* I apprehend a Danger, tho' you won't.

*Abb.* Pugh, pugh, there is no danger.

*Can.* I'll prevent it, if there were.

*Abb.* All Men of Fortune, in their Countrey.

*Can.* They are not Men of Quality. Wou'd Count *Verola* were come.

[*Walking about.*]

*Abb.* Don't do so rash a thing.

*Can.* I'll rid my self of all my fears at once; dispose my youngest Daughter in a Nunnery, and instantly marry *Floriante*——

*Abb.* To make her more miserable.

*Can.* Suitable to her Birth.

*Abb.* To a Fool, the worst of Fools; a Singular, Opinionated, Obstinate, Crooked-temper'd, Jealous-pated Fool.

*Can.* If he were so, that Fool's a Count; and the Count makes amends for the Fool.

*Abb.* Then he is welcome——[*Count Verole enters to 'em.*] Virtue created first Nobility; but in our honourable Ignorance Nobility makes Virtue.

*Ver.* What says the *Abbe*?

*Can.* Sir, you are most welcome.

*Ver.* I shall be glad to find it from the Man I so much honour——

[*Exeunt Ver. and Canaille.*]

*Abb.* For his Title,

That's all this Fellow thinks worth honouring.

Hang 'em, they make me Grave——

But that a Brother of my Blood shou'd chuse a Coxcomb out——

But if my Brother prove a Coxcomb too,

That Wonder's over——

Then 'tis their mutual interest to joyn;

Each likes the other to excuse himself. [*Sir Ant. Val. and Ilford enter to him.*]

*Sir Ant.* Ah, Monsieur L' *Abbe*.

*Ilf.* You have prevented us.

*Val.* We were going to visit you.

*Abb.* In Nomine Domine, Amen.

*Ilf.* The *Abbe* making his Will!

*Sir Ant.* Amen to our *Abbe*'s Devotions.

*Abb.* You fall as naturally as a Parish-Clerk, into the clofe of a Prayer.

*Sir Ant.* I love to bring things to a good end.

*Abb.* Nay I have done; my Devotion won't tire your Attention.

*Sir Ant.* You are like the Prelate, that being dignify'd for long Prayers, hated them ever after.

*Abb.* Long Prayers are for poor Priests that want Preferment, Men of Quality rise without 'em.

*Val.* In Men of your Rank they are Pharisaical, and always to carry on a Design.

*Abb.* I neither have a Faith in them nor their Followers; and therefore I seldom or never pray at all.

*Ilf.* How!

*Ilf.* How ! never Pray at all ?

*Abb.* The Church and I are agreed upon the Bargain ; and few words are best, when the Parties are of a mind.

*Val.* But the Church may better your Bargain.

*Abb.* I am mortify'd to the Dignities and Designs of the Church ; have laid aside the Pomp and Pride of my Profession, I am contented to sit down in a *Sine-Cure* ; and, with the poor pittance of 2000 Pistols a year, make the most of a good Conscience and good Company.

*Ilf.* A good Conscience is good Company indeed.

*Abb.* I mean, Sir, I'll make a Conscience of good Company——

*Sir Ant.* Make the best of the Blessing, and enjoy it as long as you can.

*Abb.* Ah ! my little Knight understands me, tho' you won't, Sir.

*Val.* You'll anger him——

[To Ilford.]

*Abb.* He jumps into the Point with me.

*Sir Ant.* And into the Company too, dear *Abbe* ; I must make one.

*Abb.* Make one, thou mak'st all ; thou'rt all in all ; the whole Company thy self ; thou art every thing with every body ; a Man among the Women, and a Woman among the Men.

[*Abbe waltzes with Sir Ant.*]

*Val.* How *Abbe* ! *Sir Antony* a Woman ?

*Abb.* One might indeed mistake him, by his Face.

*Ilf.* He wou'd mistake him, I believe.

*Val.* Somewhere else.

*Abb.* But there's no faith in Faces ; the Women have found him out, and won't trust him.

*Sir Ant.* Ay, ay, the Women *Abbe*, the Ladies——

*Abb.* As mad as ever they were, my Nieces you mean !

*Sir Ant.* I long to be among 'em.

*Abb.* Nay, they long too, if that wou'd do 'em any good. And think it long.

*Sir Ant.* I have not spoke to a Woman this half hour.

*Val.* We are all idle without you.

*Ilf.* Sin has been as silent among us.

*Sir Ant.* As in the first Session of a Parliament, in fear of a Reformation.

*Abb.* Ah ! very well, I faith, my little Man. But no, no Reformation, I warrant you ; matters shall not be much mended by my Management ; Sin must sometimes get the better of the Saint.

*Sir Ant.* Or the Devil may still wear black, Sir.

*Abb.* Let him wear what he will : We have had him in our Family this Morning.

*Val.* What's the matter ?

*Abb.* My Brother has discover'd something between you, and his Eldest Daughter.

*Val.* That's unlucky.

*Abb.* Which to prevent, he designs to Marry her instantly to Count *Verole*.

*Ilf.* That's bad indeed.

*Val.* What is there to be done ?

*Abb.* Nothing that I know of.

*Sir Ant.* What's to be done ? Any thing's to be done ?

*Val.* What



*Val.* What if I run away with her ?

*Abb.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Or if I cut his Throat.

*Sir Ant.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Or Bed-rid him with a beating.

*If.* With all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* If none of these will do, let him Marry her.

*Val.* And I must say with all my Heart.

*Sir Ant.* If you can't make her your Wife, make him your Cuckold.

*Abb.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Ah! if I durst but hope that way.

*Abb.* Hope, you must hope Man, and you must dare Man, if you wou'd do any thing with the Women.

*Val.* Can you encourage me ?

*Abb.* Why, Faith, what ever her Father designs, shes does not design to Marry him: And Disobedience may make way for other Sins.

*Val.* I know she hates him.

*Abb.* And I know she likes you. And if I have any Authority from the Church——

*If.* Which is not to be disputed.

*Abb.* Or any Interest from my Estate——

*Val.* Which must be considerable——

*Sir Ant.* Not to be oppos'd——

*Abb.* And which must furnish the better part of her Fortune, he sha'nt have her.

*Val.* That's gaining time at least.

*If.* He's naturally jealous.

*Sir Ant.* And has settled that Nature by a Spanish Education, they say.

*Abb.* He was bred in Spain indeed.

*If.* A miserable Woman she must be then.

*Abb.* I wou'd not have a Niece of mine marry'd into a Family, or Nation, where, if she dislike her own Man, she can have no body else.

*Val.* Our Women are the happy Women, Sir.

*Abb.* Why, indeed your English-men are the fittest Men for Husbands in the World! Wou'd all my Female Relations were married into your Countrey!

*If.* Wou'd they thought as well of us, as you do.

*Abb.* There is a Lady quarrels at her Condition, or likes another Man better than her Husband; which sometimes may happen, you know.

*Val.* Such things have happen'd indeed.

*Abb.* There they say Cuckoldom is in fashion.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, more than in fashion, Sir, 'tis according to Law; Cuckoldom is the Liberty, and a separate Maintenance, the Property of the Free-born Women of England.

*If.* We give our Women fair play for't.

*Val.* And scorn any Tie upon 'em, more than their Inclinations.

*Abb.* Why, what wou'd a Lady ask more in Marriage? I'll maintain it, such a Priviledge is better than her Dower; and in a prudent Woman's thoughts, must take place of any other Consideration.

*If.* 'Tis as much before a Dower in Profit too, as in time; for a Husband may cheat a Wife of her Dower.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Or wear out her Title by out-living her ; and then she is bob'd of her Reverſion.

*Val.* Or leave her ſo old, ſhe may be paſt having any good from it.

*Sir Ant.* Unleſs ſhe lays it out in redeeming ſome younger Brother——

*Ilf.* That had ſpent his Annuity in a Lord's Company——

*Sir Ant.* Or in following a Common Whore——

*Val.* Or in following as Common a Miſtreſs, the Court.

*Sir Ant.* And being reduc'd to the laſt Fifty, had ventur'd it prudently on a Birth-day Coat, and the Hopes of an Employment.

*Ilf.* One, who in ſpight of having been once undone, will have no more profit from his Experience, than to fall into the ſame folly agen, with the ſame occaſion.

*Abb.* Then hang him for a Fool, enough of him—— I am convinc'd with what you ſay, Gentlemen : And you ſhall have my Niece, you have her Conſent, and my Conſent, and *Sir Antony's* good Ward ; which I promiſe you, goes a great way with the Women.

*Val.* Your Niece *Volante* is her Conſident.

*Abb.* I'll make her your Friend.

*Sir Ant.* I'll ſecure her for you.

[*A Servant whiſpers the Abbe.*

*Ilf.* Why you ſecure her ?

*Sir Ant.* For ſuch a favour, Sir, I think I may.

*Ilf.* Your Intereſt is mighty.

*Sir Ant.* So far I can engage her.

*Ilf.* You engage her !

*Sir Ant.* Nay, oblige her.

*Ilf.* Her Friendſhip may oblige her, but not you.

*Abb.* Pray don't quarrel about obliging her ; *Volante* is my Favourite, ſhe ſhall pleaſe her ſelf, and I believe wou'd pleaſe *Sir Antony*—— Gentlemen, you are three, and my Nieces are three ; I wo'nt meddle in your Choice ; agree among your ſelves ; win 'em, and wear 'em ; I had rather you ſhou'd have 'em, than my Brother diſpoſe of 'em.

*Val.* Sir, you oblige us all.

*Abb.* Our Dinner ſtays for us, we'll ſettle thoſe things within : I have almoſt forgot the extraordinary Part of my Entertainment, I have a Pilgrim for you.

*Ilf.* We have had him already.

*Sir Ant.* And our ſhare of laughing at him too, Sir.

*Abb.* He pretends to be a Man of extraordinary Sanctity ; I meddled with that as little as I cou'd, for fear of raiſing a Spirit I cou'd not lay ; beſides, I had matters of more moment to mind then.

*Val.* How did you get rid of him ?

*Abb.* With much ado I put him and his Hiſtory off, telling him, ſome Engliſh Hereticks were to Dine with me——

*Sir Ant.* We are oblig'd to you, Sir.

*Abb.* And if he pleas'd to ſpare that miraculous Account, (which he will be ſure to give of himſelf) for the Converſion of the Wicked, he might then have a proper occaſion for ſo great a Deſign.

*Sir Ant.* I ſhould think the worſe of my Conſtitution as long as I liv'd, if I ſhou'd grow qualmiſh of any thing he cou'd ſay to me.

*Abb.* I

*Abb.* I knew I must hear him, and therefore provided your Conversation to qualify his.

*Val.* The Novelty may divert us.

*Ilf.* He professes more Charity, than to force his Nonsense upon you.

*Abb.* That Punishment I must go through, before he will go away, and pay for my Penance too.

*Ilf.* At the expence of his Vow of Poverty.

*Abb.* Pray Gentlemen, along with me.

I don't desire you to believe all he says.

Take what you like, and laugh at all the rest.

*Val.* Why, there our Christian Liberty's confest.

*Sir Ant.* Would we had ne're a more imposing Priest.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Ilford pulls Sir Antony by the Sleeve.*

*Ilf.* One word before you go.

*Sir Ant.* Prithee come along—— no Cautioning in such a slight Affair——

*Ilf.* I am glad you think it such a slight Affair.

*Sir Ant.* Meer merriment.

*Ilf.* I never thought it more.

*Sir Ant.* Matter of Mirth, and Jest.

*Ilf.* Nay, that's too much.

*Sir Ant.* Upon a foolish Pilgrim.

*Ilf.* Upon *Volante*.

*Sir Ant.* *Volante*! Thou talk'st of *Volante*, and I answer thee, the Pilgrim; Why thou art distracted, Man; and I shall suspect my self to be no wiser than I should be, ~~for keeping thee Company.~~

*Ilf.* Sir, however you think to carry it, I must tell you——

*Sir Ant.* With a very Grave Face——

*Ilf.* This is no jesting time——

*Sir Ant.* Because 'tis a ridiculous Subject.

*Ilf.* That I am in love——

*Sir Ant.* In serious sadness.

*Ilf.* With that Lady.

*Sir Ant.* That never was sad, nor serious in her life: Prithee, no more of this, *Ilford*, in Love! Thou art a very honest Fellow, and hast a great many good Qualities, but thy Talent lies quite another way.

*Ilf.* Sir, I am serious enough to be angry, if you laugh at me.

*Sir Ant.* But you are in Love with her, you say: Why every body that sees her, is in Love with her, if that would do any good; but is she in Love with you?

*Ilf.* I think my Estate may recommend my Person to a Welcome, wherever I pretend.

*Sir Ant.* Do's she think so?

*Ilf.* Why do you ask the Question?

*Sir Ant.* *Volante* is too Witty, to be very Wise; and requires no Settlement, but her Man.

*Ilf.* And why may not I be her Man, pray?

*Sir Ant.* Fy, Fy, Sir, more Modesty might become a Man of your Gravity! You her Man! No, no, she's otherwise dispos'd of, I assure you.

*Ilf.* What, you follow her!

*Sir Ant.* Nay, you follow her; she does not put me to the trouble.

*Ilf.* No, Sir—— I shall put you to more trouble, if you don't quit your Pretensions to her——

Sir *Ant.* Quit my Pretensions to her !

*If.* And promise me——

Sir *Ant.* I will promise you——

*If.* O, will you so, Sir ?

Sir *Ant.* That (whatever I would have done by fair means) I will now follow her in spite of your Teeth——

*If.* In spite of my Teeth——

Sir *Ant.* Pursue her, till she yield to my Desires——

*If.* The Devil you will ! Sir *Ant.* And lye with her under your Nose,

*If.* You shall be Damn'd first.

Sir *Ant.* Nay, then have at the Lady.

[*Volante Entering, sees 'em fighting, strikes, and runs out.* Sir *Antony* after her, and returns with her in his hand.

*If.* This was a Trick to save his Cowardice.

Sir *Ant.* I had rather part with my Pretension to a Quarrel, than to my Mistress at any time.

*Vol.* I hope you are not hurt.

*If.* Sir, you assert a Privilege, the Lady never gave you, of Treating her at that Familiar rate.

*Vol.* At what familiar rate ?

Sir *Ant.* Sir, you may be respectful, look simply, and bow at a distance, in a Modest Dispair, of ever coming nearer to please ; but I am for a closer Conversation, when I like my Company.

*Vol.* I am sorry, Sir, my Carriage gives Offence ; but I must think you treat me more familiarly, that ~~saucily should dare to~~ *saucily should dare to* converse me, limit my Actions, and prescribe me Rules.

Sir *Ant.* A Foolish Fellow, Madam, not worth your Anger ; leave him to his Repentance, and your Scorn.

*If.* I must bear it all.

*Vol.* But pray, how came this Difference ?

*If.* 'Twas your Quarrel, Madam.

*Vol.* I am sorry for it.

Sir *Ant.* You may judge what a Husband he'll make, who (being but a Servant) dares assume an Authority over you——

*Vol.* Which I never gave him, that I remember.

Sir *Ant.* I told you, you were out of the Road of her Favour. [To *If.*]

*Vol.* The Report of this Quarrel, and the Occasion of it, will be but a scandalous addition to my Fame, when it comes to be the Tattle of the Town.

*If.* It shall go no further for me.

*Vol.* I suppose the folly on't will keep you silent ; you may be ashamed on't indeed.

*If.* I beg you Pardon for it.

*Vol.* Beg, Sir *Antony's*, for till he pardons you, I am sure, I won't.

Sir *Ant.* There is no Remedy, you must submit.

*If.* I am a Woman's Fool, and must obey.

[*They Embrace.*]

Sir *Ant.* 'Tis many a Wife Man's Fortune.

*If.* We are Friends.

*Vol.* If you have Favours to expect from me, deserve 'em by fair means.

Sir *Ant.* Or come to me, and I'll speak a good word for thee to the Lady.

*If.* You Triumph, Sir.

Sir *Ant.*



*Sir Ant.* Till when, we take our leaves.

[*Leads Volanti out.*

*If.* Pox ! I deserve it all,

For putting it into her Power to use me so :

He's Ten Years younger than I am,

And consequently so much handsomer in her Eye :

He prates a great deal more, and better than I do

For her purpose, and therefore lies better in her Ear :

He has the Advantage of me, in every Vanity

That can betray a Girl ; *Volante's* a Girl,

And what could I expect for my honourable Love for her ?

When, in the weakness of a Woman's Choice,

She will prefer the present laughing hour

To all that can come after.

If this would cure me now, 'twere a Lesson well learn'd :

I'll hear what the Pilgrim can say upon this Subject ;

I'll listen to his Lies, they are less mischievous,

And may drive this Woman out of my Head.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Floriante and Charlott.*

*Flo.* Is not that *Sir Antony* ?

*Char.* With my Cousin *Volante*.

We shall have 'em at the turning of the Walk.

*Flo.* They are proper Counsellors for our purpose of Disobedience——

*Char.* As we could ha' met withal.

*Flo.* You'll be no Nun, Sister ?

*Char.* Nor you no Countess ?

*Flo.* I would be as willingly enclos'd in the Walls of a Monastery, as in the Arms of that Count *Verole* ; and in the Arms of Death rather than in either.

*Char.* Well ; I'm not so difficult ; I had rather be alive upon any Terms, than dead upon the best ; I had rather be a Nun, than be nothing at all ; tho' there's nothing I had not rather be, than be a Nun.

*Flo.* Any Man's Company, rather than the Company of all Women.

*Char.* 'Tis more to my Humour, I confess to you, among the rest of my Venial Offences ; But *Valentine* ! he is your Man, Sister ; would I had the fellow of him——

*Flo.* For your Confessour, Sister ?

*Char.* I could confess something to him that would make him enjoyn me another kind of Penance, than my Prayers.

*Flo.* What ! Absolve you from your Devotion ?

*Char.* And persuade him to make a Sinner of me, rather than suffer my Father to make me a Saint, so much before my time.

*Flo.* You are a mad Girl : But what of *Valentine* ?

*Char.* He should not be out of our Design.

*Flo.* I'll answer for him, he won't.

*Char.* His Interest's so concern'd, he should not be wanting in any occasion of abusing our Father.

*Flo.* Or of using the Count as he deserves.

*Char.* They're both behind us, Mum——

*Count Canaile and Count Verole enter.*

*Can.* I have prepar'd my Daughter to receive the Honour

You intend our House and her, by this Alliance with us ;  
 She too well knows what's owing to a Father and her self,  
 To my Authority and her own Birth, now to dispute  
 What I design for her ; she ha's my Will,  
 The rest I leave to you——

[Exit.]

*Ver.* Madam, you hear your Father, and I come  
 Thro' his Authority, to speak my Love ;  
 Tho' bateing his Authority, I must think  
 There need not many Arguments to move,  
 More than your knowing me, and what I am.

*Flo.* My Lord, that goes a great way with me, I assure you.

*Char.* She knows you and your Qualities, my Lord,  
 And esteems 'em accordingly : I have heard her say,  
 She was very much oblig'd to you, and shou'd be more——

*Flo.* If he wou'd hang himself——

[Aside.]

*Ver.* For what, young Lady ?

*Char.* For your kind Care of me.

*Ver.* I'm glad you're sensible I mean you well.

*Char.* O yes, Sir, sensible ! so sensible,  
 I must be oblig'd in Conscience to thank you,  
 For advising my Father to send me to a Nunnery :  
 The Devil take you for your Advice.

[Aside.]

*Ver.* A Nunnery is Virtue's best Retreat from a bad World.

*Char.* But if my Sister's Fortune, in your Opinion,  
 Had not wanted mending more than my Manners——

*Flo.* Fy, *Charlott*, you'll tell all. *Ver.* How cou'd she guess at that ?

*Char.* I might have continued in this bad World,  
 For any Advice the Count wou'd have given,  
 In his great care of me to my Father ;  
 But I'll be reveng'd on him——

Do as much mischief as I can while I am in the World,  
 And repent when I am out on't, and can do no more.

*Flo.* Bring Sir *Antony* to my rescue, I beseech thee. [Exit *Charlott*.]

*Ver.* Your Sister's disoblig'd,  
 But I've my ends in serving you——

*Flo.* In serving of your self:

For what I got by her, my Fathers says,  
 You must command.

*Ver.* To make it but more yours.

*Flo.* So you promise all before you have enclos'd us,  
 But possess'd, our Fortunes, and our Persons are your Slaves,  
 Us'd like your Slaves, and often both abus'd.

*Ver.* This is a common Subject for your Sex.

[Sir Ant. Volante and Charlott enter.]

To boast the Glory of your Wit upon ;  
 But I'm above the taste of common things,  
 Being born above the Rank of common Men.

*Sir Ant.* Out of the Rank, he means, of common Men ; and indeed, he  
 scarcely looks of Humane Kind. *Ver.*

*Ver.* What do I look like then ?

*Sir Ant.* There's nothing like you, you are your self.

*Ver.* I wou'd be nothing else.

*Sir Ant.* What, not of God's Creation ?

*Ver.* I am of his Creation.

*Sir Ant.* Of the King's you may be; but he who makes a Count, ne're made a Man; remember that, and fall that mighty Crest.

*Ver.* It seems you know me then.

*Sir Ant.* By that coy, cock't-up Nose, that hinders you from seeing any Man, that does not stand upon the Shoulders of his Ancestors, for long Descents of farr-fam'd Heraldry: I take you for a Thing, they call a Count; for had you not been a Count, you had been nothing, at least I'm sure you had been nothing here.

*Ver.* I would be nothing, if I were no Count.

*Char.* Pray more respect.

*Elo.* This is the Count *Verole*.

*Sir Ant.* O, is it so?

*Vol.* That's to Marry my Cozen.

*Sir Ant.* I have been too bold, pray Ladies joyn with me—

*Char.* To laugh at him.

*Sir Ant.* To ask his Pardon.

*Ver.* For the future, know me, and know your self, I ask no more.

*Sir Ant.* Then I am pardon'd, for I know my self, and think I know your Worship. Can you fight?

*Ver.* Ha! What do you mean?

*Sir Ant.* Why, rather I come but upon a fairly Embasie; and a finical Phrase that wou'd fit the fineness of your Quality, wou'd not become my business.

*Ver.* What does the Gentleman mean?

*Sir Ant.* Walk but aside with me, I'll tell you what I mean.

*Ver.* You have no Secret for me?

*Sir Ant.* Why then it shall be none.

*Ver.* He won't draw before the Women, sure.

*Sir Ant.* Since the Ladies must be by, as they must be the Judges at last, [Aside.] you must know then, I come to you from a Gentleman—

*Ver.* Is he no more?

*Sir Ant.* He's every thing in that, that makes a Man.

*Ver.* You may go, as you came, for me, Sir, if he be but a Gentleman.

*Sir Ant.* His name is *Valentine*, your Rival in that Lady.

*Ver.* My Rival is my Equal; I am born above his Rank, he cannot rival me.

*Sir Ant.* He does rival you, and will rival you.

*Ver.* Envy he may my Fortune with that Lady.

*Sir Ant.* Well! Envy then, if that must be the Word; he envies you; and only wants an opportunity of telling you, how much he envies you.

*Elo.* A modest Request truly.

*Char.* He can't deny it him—

*Vol.* Before his Mistress too.

*Sir Ant.* Now Sir, if you will be so courteous, as by me, who am to be his Second, to favour him with knowing where, and when he may wait upon you, you will oblige me by this Civility to serve your Friend, as he designs to serve you.

*Ver.* How

*Ver.* How may that be, pray?

*Sir Ant.* To Cut your Throat, Sir.

*Ver.* O Sir, I'll spare his Compliment.

*Sir Ant.* My Friend's an English Man, and never loses a Mistress for want of fighting for her, I assure you: Nay, I have known some of my Country-men, rather than not make a Quarrel in the Families they made love in, have beat their very Women into good Nature, and Consent.

*Char.* It shou'd be good Nature for another then.

*Flo.* Such Arguments wou'd not prevail on us.

*Vol.* Unless to Cuckold 'em.

*Sir Ant.* For one reason or another, [Goes to Verole.  
There are Cuckolds every where.

*Char.* How will our Count get rid of this business?

*Sir Ant.* I wait your Answer, Sir.

*Ver.* My Answer is, when I am as angry as your Friend is, which, at present, I have no reason to be; nor to a day, can certainly say when I shall be

*Sir Ant.* You must be made angry then.

*Ver.* When I am under a defeat of my hopes about that Lady, as he may be, and, in an absolute despair of better success, and have nothing else to do with my self, I may be angry, and then I may fight with him.

*Sir Ant.* Must you be angry when you fight?

*Ver.* Or Mad, or Drunk; 'tis no Employment for a sober Man.

*Sir Ant.* Have you no Notion of Courage?

*Ver.* Notion indeed, young Man; for Courage is no more, than just such a degree of Heat, to some Complexions natural; but those Men, who want that Heat, may raise their Spirits to't.

*Sir Ant.* I marry! there's a Receipt indeed.

*Ver.* Passion will fire the coldest Elements; the Lees of Wine ferment the dullest Phlegm to Froth and Vapour; I've seen a Drunkard in this Fit, attempt dangers to Rival *Cæsar*: If such Extravagancies make the Brave, Madmen are Heroes.

*Sir Ant.* This won't do my business. Will you fight?

*Ver.* 'Tis common Soldiers work.

*Sir Ant.* You must fight with him.

*Ver.* Not while I can hire Russians to take the trouble off my Hands.

*Sir Ant.* You must expect to be us'd very scurvily, where-ever he meets you.

[Valentine, Ilford, with Sir Gent. Golding Enter.

*Ver.* I shall be provided for him.

*Sir Ant.* O, here he comes himself.

*Ver.* If you're for mustering your Friends, I have your Father of my Party.

[Exit in disorder. Women laugh at him.

*Val.* The Ladies never want an entertainment, when they have Sir *Antony* to encourage the Mirth. Pray what particular Diversion has he given you?

*Char.* Very particular indeed.

[The Ladies aside with Valentine.

*Val.* You were a Party concern'd.

*Flo.* And only wanting to make up the Farce.

*Sir Ant.*



*Sir Ant.* Yes, this is he, my very, very Fool !

*Sir Gent.* Very handfom Gentlewoman indeed, all three of 'em : and that's *Sir Antony*, that the Abbe commended so much.

*Ilf.* The very fame, Sir !

*Sir Gent.* I will be acquainted with him—— [Goes to Salute *Sir Ant.*

*Ilf.* *Sir Antony*.——

*Sir Gent.* Sir you most humble Servant.

*Sir Ant.* Do you know me, Sir ?

*Sir Gent.* Not I, but I'm an English-man, and the English always keep together Abroad, they say, for fear of being cheated.

*Ilf.* Of their Money, or Manners ?

*Sir Ant.* Of their Mother Tongue.

*Sir Gent.* Of their Mother-Church, their Religion. Now I designing to continue, as I am——

*Ilf.* A Fool.

*Sir Gent.* Have a mind to spend my Money among my Country-men.

*Sir Ant.* You're very welcome——

*Ilf.* To be cheated only by your Friends.

*Sir Gent.* There's *Valentine*, a very pretty Fellow ; but I have known him a great while ; I am for Variety, and fresh Faces : Here's honest *Ilford*, my very good Friend, of half an hours acquaintance, will recommend me.

*Sir Ant.* You recommend your self, Sir.

*Sir Gent.* Truly I hear you are an Extraordinary Person, and a Knight, Sir ; I am a Knight my self, Sir !

*Sir Ant.* And an extraordinary Person truly : Pray of what Family, Sir ?

*Sir Gent.* Of what Family ? Of my Father's Family before me ; the Family of the *Goldings*, of which, I am your Servant, and *Sir Gentle Golding*.

*Val.* Alas poor Count ! I vow I pity him.

Where's this mad Knight ? Oh ! [Sees the two Knights in salutation.

You are before me it seems ; but since

I come too late to recommend *Sir Gentle* to you,

Pray do you recommend him to the Ladies.

*Sir Ant.* This is *Sir Gentle Golding*—— [*Sir Gent.* salutes the Women.

*Sir Gent.* Sir, as I may say, I may thank you for this favour.

*Sir Ant.* If you are for this sport, I'll find you Game, Sir.

*Sir Gent.* O, of all things I love the Women.

*Vol.* *Sir Gentle* declares that by his Dressing.

*Sir Ant.* You shan't dress in vain, I'll find you employment among 'em.

*Sir Gent.* I'll depend upon you then, and from this time forward, we must be intimate as Men of the same Brother-hood, and Worship—— ought to be.

*Char.* See, see, our Count has rally'd again !

[Looking on.

*Val.* With your Father in his Tail, to sustain him.

*Flo.* We must not stay till they come. At Night I may expect you ?

*Val.* If any thing extraordinary happens——

*Vol.* I'll come express with the Tidings.

*Flo.* You shall hear from us.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Your servant, your servant.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

*Val.* You see, *Sir Gentle*, we make a shift.

*Sir Ant.* Make Shift ! We make a Carnival ; all the Year a Carnival : Every Man his Woman, and a new one at every Town we come at.

*Sir Gent.* Ah, wou'd I could say so too !

*Val.* You say so, *Sir Gentle* ? Fye, fye, you don't desire to say so, to my knowledge.

*Sir Gent.* That's very fine i' faith.

*Val.* You only rally your Country Men.

*Sir Gent.* Not I, as I hope to be fav'd, *Val*, tho' I love a Joke, I never rally a Friend.

*Val.* You a Mistress ! Why, you have forsworn the Sex !

*Sir Gent.* O Lord, O Lord ! that's a likely business indeed ! I forswear the Sex ! I wou'd as soon forswear my own Sex, as the Womens ; why, I have made it my endeavour, ever since I was a Man of Estate, to be accounted a Knight of Intrigue ; so you never were more mistaken since you were born, Sir.

*Val.* Why, what a lying World we live in ! I was told you were so scurvily us'd in England—

*Sir Gent.* Softly, softly, Man.

*Val.* By *Lucia*—

*Sir Gent.* A Jilting Jade ! You knew her, not worth remembering.

*Val.* That you were resolv'd never to venture on the Sex again.

*Sir Gent.* Prithee, dear *Val*, no more on't : There's some ill Nature in my part of the Story ; I wou'd not have it go further for my own sake.

*If.* It goes no further for our hearing it.

*Sir Ant.* We know it already.

*Sir Gent.* Ay, it may be so ; I confess, poor Creature, I gave her a Jealousie of another Woman.

*Sir Ant.* And that perhaps, in her Despair of pleasing you much longer, might be a Reason of doing what she did.

*Sir Gent.* Why truly very likely.

*Val.* And therefore she robb'd you.

*If.* Of 500 Pounds.

*Sir Ant.* She might ha' shew'd a Conscience in her cheating though ! Five Hundred Pounds was too much in reason—

*Sir Gent.* *Sir Antony*, you are my Friend upon all occasions ; but the truth is, I gave her an Opportunity ; left my Cabinet open on purpose ; and was glad to get rid of her for the Money.

*Sir Ant.* You shall pay as round a Sum for this Lie, before I part with your Vanity.

[*Aside.*]

*Val.* And this is all ?

*Sir Gent.* The short and long of the story.

*Sir Ant.* Leave the silly Creature to her Garret, where she will be in a little time : she'll hang her self in her Garters when the Money is spent.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant her, will she, and be glad to come off so too.

*Val.* So, forgetting Disasters at home, you travel—

*If.* To drive and old Mistress out of his Head.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* And recover here, what he had lost in *England* by the Gallantry of a French Intrigue—

*Sir Gent.* Which I come qualified for, Gentlemen ; being able to bid up to the Price of any of 'em.

*Val.* If you shew your Money, we may borrow.

*Sir Gent.* You may borrow, but I never lend; you are acquainted, and have your good Breeding and Behaviour to recommend you to the Ladies.

*Sir Ant.* You shew your Wisdom in your good Husbandry, *Sir Gentle* ; you are a Stranger, and must be oblig'd to your Pocket for what you must expect from 'em.

*Sir Gent.* And therefore, *Sir Antony*, I will part with my new Acquaintances, my Luidores, to none but the Ladies.

*Sir Ant.* Money does every thing with the Women in *France*, Sir.

*Sir Gent.* I won't spare it upon them, *Sir Antony* : I rely upon you for a Mistress then.

*Sir Ant.* You shall see her this Evening.

*Sir Gent.* Bills and Business, Gentlemen ; but now we live together, no Ceremony : Adieu for a moment ; and dear *Sir Antony*, yours. [Exit.

*Val.* You are in his favour.

*Sir Ant.* And will be in his Pocket : Leave him to me.

[Abbe, Pilgrim and Waitwell enter.

*Isf.* Our *Abbe* and the *Pilgrim* agen! This Visit is to you.

*Sir Ant.* He has a mind to make a Convert of me, that's certain ; but whether in the Flesh or the Spirit, is the question.

*Val.* He's for the outward Man, I warrant him.

*Isf.* And his Arguments of this World, whatever the *Pilgrim's* may be.

*Abb.* Ah my little Man ! you have lost a mighty Satisfaction ; the *Pilgrim* has wrought Wonders upon us all within.

*Val.* Much above my Expectation, indeed.

*Isf.* His Story staggers me, I confess ; and has cur'd me of an old Diffidence I had of all Religious Pretenders.

*Sir Ant.* Well, he's a Rogue ; and you han't found him.

*Abb.* You are the only Infidel in the Company.

*Sir Ant.* You dissemble a Belief ; 'tis necessary to the Church, and you get by the Trade ; but none of you remove Mountains, that I hear of.

*Abb.* Do but hear what he can say.

*Sir Ant.* I'll give him both my Ears—

[*Pilgrim* advances.

But not a word here ; I must have him to my self,  
To discover the bottom of him.

[To Waitwell.

*Pilg.* 'Tis a work of the Spirit indeed ; and the Spirit works unseen of Human Eyes ; therefore in private wou'd do very well.

*Sir Ant.* Do as I order you.

[Exit Waitwell.

*Pilg.* There is an obstinacy in Sin, that won't be confuted before Company ; Reproof may return into our own Teeth a Rebuke and a Reproach unto our selves. For which Reason I am assured, that a Privacy in Communication, and a Retirement from the eyes of the World (when the Cause is Conscientious) are always necessary to a Conviction, and Conversion of the Wicked.

*Sir Ant.* Those Necessaries thou shalt have at my Lodging ; I follow thee, *Pilgrim* : Farewel Gentlemen, if I am convinced in this Point, and live to set foot in *England* agen, I shall satisfie those Heretical Unbelievers, that I have seen one Miracle in a Catholick Country. *[Exit after the Pilgrim.*

*If.* Thus every Man to his own Interest tends ;  
The *Pilgrim* makes his Converts, We make Friends,  
With the same Conscience all, for our own Ends.

*[Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Waitwell placing Bottles on the Table.*

*Enter Sir Antony and the Pilgrim.*

*Sir Ant.* **T**His is a dry Subject, *Pilgrim* ; there's no engaging in't with out a Bottle.

*Pilg.* You'll have your own ways here. *[Walks about.*

*Sir Ant.* Have you infus'd the Opiate in his Wine ?

*Wait.* I warrant him he sleeps for't ; your's is half Water.

*Sir Ant.* If I don't find him a Knave, I'll make him a Fool, for troubling me with his Impertinence : But chiefly, for the dear Jest of exposing his Reverence to the Laughter of the Troopant.

Have you done there ?

*[Waitwell goes out.*

Lock the door, and let no body come near us.

Now *Pilgrim*, we are alone ; and sit you down——

*[Pilgrim stands and Crosses himself and Sir Antony.*

Nay, I will have no Blessing upon our Endeavours, but a Bumper—— this will banish Crosses : Here's to the falling of the Flesh, and the rising of the Spirit.

*[Drinks.*

*Pilg.* 'Tis a mysterious Health, of sacred sense ; ev'n to the pulling down of Satan's Throne. *[Drinks.*

*Sir Ant.* A little Wine does well to qualifie the Water you drink in your Pilgrimage.

*Pilg.* Sometimes without offence, Wine may be us'd ; tho' our whole Life is but a Pilgrimage—— *[Sir Antony fills agen the Glasses.*

*Sir Ant.* That's as you please to make it. Come Sir, this is the Searcher of Hearts ; here's to the opening of ours—— *[Drinks.*

*Pilg.* Hearts and Eyes, that we may see our Errors. This Wine will warm him, sure. *[Aside.*

*Sir Ant.* Confession is a step to Repentance, you say.

*Pilg.* The ready Road——

*Sir Ant.* Then drink off your Glafs, *Pilgrim* : How do you like your Wine ?

*Pilg.* 'Tis warm, I promise you——

*Sir Ant.* Able to distinguish a Saint from a Sinner ; and will keep you out of the Mire, better than your wooden Shoes.

*Pilg.* Twill rather leave us there. But to our purpose now——

*Sir Ant.*



*Sir Ant.* Another Glasſ to ſtrengthen my Attention ; I ſhall edifie the better by it. [Fills the Glaſs.]

*Pilg.* Sure he can't make me drunk. [Aſide.]

*Sir Ant.* I expected you would ha' drunk to my Converſion.

*Pilg.* I ſhould ha' began it in Charity, indeed ; but I'll make you what Reparation I may, and drink a full Glasſ for my forgetfulneſs.

[Fills himſelf a Bumper.]

*Sir Ant.* I warrant him my own. [Aſide.]

*Pilg.* To your Converſion be it—— [Drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* This is the way to't, and the pleaſanteſt Road you can travel in : For let me tell you, the World is bad enough at the beſt ; we need not take Pains to make it worſe.

*Pilg.* Too many do indeed. [Sir Antony drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* Such fooliſh Apoſtles as thou art then : Why, I begin to deſpair of thee : I took thee for a languine, ſenſual Sinner, a Man of Senſe, and an Hypocrite. But I find thee a peaking Penitent, and an Aſ.

*Pilg.* You fit in the Seat of the Scornor.

*Sir Ant.* Tho' you paſs upon the *Abbe*, and other Fools, I expected you would have open'd your ſelf to me : I profeſs my ſelf, what I thought you were under your Habit, a Rogue : We might have been of uſe to one another. But ſince you are for cheating no body but your ſelf, [Fills again.] I'll make an end of my Bottle and Buſineſs, and leave you to ſay Grace to the next Courtieſe I offer you. [Drinks.]

*Pilg.* I muſt not loſe this Opportunity.

*Sir Ant.* Now I begin to believe all the ſilly things you have ſaid of your ſelf ; your being weary of, and leaving the World, when you had a good Share of it your own ; your parting with the Pleaſures (which you call the Vanities) of it, at a time, when you were in a condition of enjoying 'em, by a ſenſeleſs reſigning up your Birthright.

*Pilg.* My Service to you. [Drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* Of a conſiderable Quality and Fortune to a Younger Brother ; who indeed needed no other Expectation for his Wants, than the abundance of your Folly to live upon.

*Pilg.* You cenſure me too raſhly. [Riſes.]

*Sir Ant.* I ſpeak my Thoughts, and am ſo far from imitating you any way, that when an Elder Brother ſtood between me and a good Eſtate, I made bold to remove him.

*Pilg.* By no violent means.

*Sir Ant.* Something before his time. I had a Joynture too incumber'd me ; but a Phyſician after my own Heart eaſ'd me, and my good Lady Grand-mother.

*Pilg.* And dare you own it ?

*Sir Ant.* Not at a Barr of Juſtice.

*Pilg.* So horrid a Villany !

*Sir Ant.* Never troubles me : I don't proclaim it but in my Cups, and where I think I'm ſafe to Men of my own Kidney——

*Pilg.* You confeſs your ſelf a Villain ?

*Sir Ant.* Any kind of Rogue that serves my turn ; for I am of a Principle, that levels every thing in the way of my Pleasure or Profit.

*Pilg.* A Worthy Principle !

*Sir Ant.* I cheat the Men, and lye with the Women, as many as I can get in my Power.

*Pilg.* Sir, I honour you ; pray sit down agen.

[*They sit.*]

*Sir Ant.* To hear you preach agen ?

*Pilg.* And are you really this Rogue you pretend to be ?

*Sir Ant.* Are you the Fool you pretend to be ?

*Pilg.* I must come nearer you.

[*Shews a Casket.*]

*Sir Ant.* How, Jewels !

*Pilg.* I bring my Welcom with me.

*Sir Ant.* Enough to set up a Saint : The Lady of *Loretto* may keep her Chamber ; thou hast spoyl'd her Holy-days, by robbing her Shrine : For thou hast robb'd hers, or some other, that's certain.

*Pilg.* 'Tis certain I have the Jewels: How I came by 'em, and why I put on this Habit——

*Sir Ant.* Then you are no Pilgrim ?

*Pilg.* No more than you are a Priest. I am as errant a Rogue as you can be ; a Shifter of Shapes and Names ; have travell'd through every Profession, and cheated in all ; so having by my Industry gathered a handfom Fortune, I converted that into Jewels, and my self into a Pilgrim, for the safer conveyance of both into *Spain*, ~~whither I was going~~ till I lit upon you.

*Sir Ant.* I saw you through your Weeds, and had a mind to discover you.

*Pilg.* Well, now you have discovered me——

*Sir Ant.* Why, now I like you.

*Pilg.* But are you sure you like me ?

*Sir Ant.* Like you extreamly.

*Pilg.* If you can like me, you may love me too ; for a Woman I know you are.

*Sir Ant.* Am I discover'd too——

[*Aside.*]

*Pilg.* Nay, I'm resolv'd to like you in any Sex. [*Squeezing and kissing*  
But it is impossible such Beauty should be a Man's : *her hand.*]

And I will think you a Woman, [*Approaching nearer still*  
Till you convince me to the contrary.

*Sir Ant.* Have you a Mistress to be convinc'd to the contrary ?

*Pilg.* We were made for one anothers Conversation ; here's that shall keep it in humour. [*Lays his Hand on the Casket.*]

*Sir Ant.* I have heard of *Mark Antony's* Pearl Cordial.

*Pilg.* You shall drink nothing else but Pearl dissolv'd : Ha ! What's the matter with me ? [*Tawns ofien.*]

*Sir Ant.* Now, now my Dose begins—— you grow indifferent——

*Pilg.* My Senses vanish all. [*Rises, and struggles all he can*  
*against it ; but falls into his Chair asleep.*]

*Sir Ant.* What fall a-sleep before me ?

*Pilg.* By and by I'll come agen to you.

*Sir Ant.* So, he's as safe as his Casket in my custody : Governour, you may appear. *Enter*

*Enter Waitwell.*

Here's an Oriental Present from the *Mogul*,  
By the hands of his Embaſſador there.

*Wait.* He looks as he were drunk-dead, or dead-drunk.

*Sir Ant.* Examine his Pockets, lets ſee what Credentials he has for his Character, tho' you ſee I have treated him like an Embaſſador without 'em.

*Wait.* Here are Tablets full of *Memorandums*, to avoid ſuch and ſuch places where he has done his Rogueries.

*Sir Ant.* Very well; theſe, when he awakes, will make good, if he ſhould have the impudence to diſpute my Title to the Theft.

*Wait.* You won't keep all the Jewels?

*Sir Ant.* A round Ranſom may redeem 'em; but him I muſt expoſe, Governour; when I ſend for him, bring him in a Chair to the *Abbe's*.

*Wait.* Moſt carefully.

*Sir Ant.* And if *Sir Gentle* enquire for me, as I expect he will, direct him thither.

*Wait.* I won't fail.

*Sir Ant.* I have a Miſtreſs for him.

[*Exit.*

[*The Pilgrim carried off.*

### SCENE changes to the Street.

*Ilford alone.*

*Ilf. Volante* is ſo buſie for another, ſhe has nothing to do for her ſelf; ſo cloſely employ'd for *Valentine*, ſhe has no Employment for any Body; or when ſhe has, 'tis partially deſign'd for that Boy-Knight, in prejudice of every Man that may with more reaſon pretend——

*Sir Antony crosses the Stage.*

*Sir Antony*——*Sir Antony*—— a word with you——

*Sir Ant.* Prithee let me go; I am big with a Jeſt, and ſhall certainly miſcarry with the firſt grave Word you ſay to me.

*Ilf.* Be deliver'd of your Burthen then, lay it at my door; I'll Father it for a Friend.

[*Bringing him back by the Hand.*

*Sir Ant.* As ſome Men wou'd a Baſtard, for the Reputation of getting it.

*Ilf.* I have thought better of this Rivalling buſineſs between us; I ſee plainly *Volante* declares for you——

*Sir Ant.* I think the poor Creature loves me indeed.

*Ilf.* And 'tis to no purpoſe to proceed——

*Sir Ant.* None in the World, Sir.

*Ilf.* In the meaſures I had taken in making my way to her; therefore now I come, like a Friend, to deſire a Favour of you.

*Sir Ant.* Now you ſay ſomething, *Ilford*.

*Ilf.* And like a Friend to adviſe you; you're a very pretty Fellow, and have a great many dancing years to trip over, before you come to be ſerious.

*Sir Ant.* I hope ſo, Sir.

*Ilf.* You ſhou'd Ramble before you Settle——

*Sir Ant.* For fear of rambling after——

*Ilf.* You are too great a Good, among the Women, to think of being particular; a dozen years too gay for the Condition——

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Too gay for a Lover. *If.* Too gay for a Husband.

*Sir Ant.* Ay, marry Sir, a Husband ! *If.* How Sir ?

*Sir Ant.* I make Love sometimes, but do not often Marry.

*If.* What do you follow *Volante* for then ?

*Sir Ant.* Can't you tell for what ? For as good a thing you may swear, *Iford*: You guess at her Inclinations, poor Rogue ; and a Lady shall never lose her Longing upon me ; I design to Lie with her.

*If.* Without marrying her ?

*Sir Ant.* Without asking any Consent but her own ; I am not for many words, when I have a mind to be doing.

*If.* So impudent a thing I never heard !

*Enter Volante.*

*Vol.* Quarrelling agen Gentlemen !

*Sir Ant.* Upon the old Subject.

*If.* I hate the Employment and Character of an Informer : But you come so upon the scandalous minute, I must tell you what ; that young Gentleman---

*Vol.* Sir *Antony* has no Friend of you, Sir.

*If.* Nor you of him, Madam ; as you will find, when you hear what he says of you.

*Vol.* Pray what's the matter ?

*If.* He has the Impudence not only to design it, but ev'n to me his Rival, who love and honour you——

*Vol.* Your Story, Sir, your Story !

*If.* He dares notoriously tell me to my Face, That he never design'd to marry you ; but because you were in love with him, poor Creature, he would do you the favour to Lie with you.

*Sir Ant.* Madam, you know he hates me upon your Account ; and this is one of the poor Endeavours of his Malice to ruin me : You can't think I would be such a Villain——

*Vol.* I won't think it, Sir *Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* Such an Ideot, if I could have it in my head, to declare it to my Rival.

*Vol.* Oh no—— it is not probable.

*If.* By Heav'n and Earth he said it.

*Vol.* I would not believe it for Earth and Heav'n, if he did.

*If.* Nay then 'tis labour lost.

*Vol.* If you'll deliver this Letter to *Valentine*, you'll do him more service, [*Gives Iford a Letter.*] than you have me with your News—— I won't leave you behind me, Sir *Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* I'm going to the Abbe's, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

*If.* Well ! I could almost wish, he would lie with her, to convince her, tho' she won't believe me, she will him ; and that, in time, will be a sufficient Revenge upon her Folly.

*Enter Abbe and Valentine to Iford : Count Verole, with Six Bravo's on the other side ; they stare upon each other, and pass on. Abbe, Val. and Iford remain.*

*Abb.* The Count has his *Gurd du Corps*, *Valentine*.

*Val.* Sir



*Val.* Sir *Antony* has Alarm'd him.

*Ulf.* He is in a state of War, fit to give Battle already.

*Val.* What he wants in his Person, he has in his Equipage : But they threaten too much, to do any Harm.

*Abb.* Do you secure your Person ; *Volante* shall secure your Mistress against him, I warrant her.

*Ulf.* Here's a Letter she gave me for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, The Abbe's House.

*Pilgrim* brought in a Chair : *Sir Antony* Love after it.

*Sir Ant.* Down with your Burthen ; and place him in that Chair. So, this is as proper a Scene to recommend our Farce to the Family, as we can have——

*Enter Waitwell.*

*Wait.* Sir *Gentle* *Golding* is below, and wou'd speak with you.

*Sir Ant.* One of you bring him up—— [To the Chairmen, who go out.]  
Governour, he must not know you belong to me.

*Wait.* I know your Design upon him ; and I'll be gone to put things in Order to receive him——

*Sir Ant.* To receive *Valentine* : He shall be welcome to me ; but to deceive Sir *Gentle*.

*Wait.* You are as busy as a Projector, some of your Plots must miscarry.

*Sir Ant.* Ha ! he begins to stir : How long will the Opiate hold him ?

*Wait.* If he wakes before the Company comes, you lose your pleasure of laughing at him.

*Sir Ant.* But I have a sudden Thought, may give us a better Diversion.

[*Exit Waitwell.*]

*Enter Sir Gentle* *Golding.*

*Sir Gent.* Sir *Antony*, your most incomparable humble Servant.

*Sir Ant.* Sir *Gentle*, I've done your Business.

*Sir Gent.* With the Lady you promis'd me ?

*Sir Ant.* With that very Lady ; I've secur'd an Appointment for you ; but being a Woman of Quality——

*Sir Gent.* There you oblige me for ever.

*Sir Ant.* Tho' something decay'd, and fall'n in her Fortune—— She must be humour'd in little things ; she will have her Forms.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant her ; and very fit she shou'd. A Person of Quality is known by her Forms.

*Sir Ant.* They last but till the Evening, then I'll carry you to wait on her. [Shows the Pilgrim.] Here's a drunken Pilgrim will afford you Merriment enough to entertain some part of the time.

*Sir Gent.* Dead drunk, as I intend to live sober.

*Sir Ant.* Do me the favour to stay ; and secure him, if he shou'd wake. I'll but bring the Abbe and his Family to share in abusing him, and be with you again.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Gent.* Why, what an Unlucky, Hypocritical Rogue is this, to be discovered!

ver'd, and to lye at the mercy of Sir *Antony* ! If he were but half as Holy, as he pretended, he might 'scape by Miracle; but he sleeps so sound, no Revelation can Wake him.

*Pilg.* Boy, Draw the Curtain, Sirrah——

[*Turns in his Chair, and makes Signs of waking.*

*Sir Gent.* Is the Light in your Eyes, Sir ? What pains he takes to come to himself ! Gad, I'll play the Rogue with him——I'll be the Midwife to his Labour——Stay, let me see, a stiff Straw wou'd do rarely, to probe his Sobriety. If his Brain be touch't, he'll take up the more time in his Cure, and 'tis well if ever he be his own Man again. Now for the Experiment.

[*Tickling his Nose, the Pilgrim jumps up, and throws Sir Gentle along, and in his thoughtfulness stumbles over him : both amaz'd, raise themselves up on their bottoms, and stare at each other.*

*Pilg.* Ha ! Am I alive ? Where have I been ? Where am I now ? How came I here ? Who are you ? What wou'd you have ?

*Sir Gent.* Have ! My self in a Wish to *England*. Wou'd I were in my Mothers Belly again.

*Pilg.* Speak, I conjure you, speak to me.

*Sir Gent.* He's as heartily frightned, as I can be ; I'll pluck up a Spirit, and speak to him.

*Pilg.* Some ill thing has possess'd me.

*Sir Gent.* Yes, possess'd thou art, by the lowd Spirit of powerful Wine possess'd. A drunken Devil.

*Pilg.* A Bottle, and Sir *Antony* I remember, and the Discoveries I made him.

[*Both rise.*

*Sir Gent.* You are discovered, and in the Abbe's House——

*Pilg.* In the Abbe's House !

*Sir Gent.* Where now your business is to be laugh'd at, and expos'd ; and the whole Family are coming to make your Holiness a Ridiculous Visit to that purpose.

*Pilg.* That young Rogue Sir *Antony* ! Has he done nothing else to me ? [*Examining his Pockets.*] Undone, undone ! I'm robb'd, and ruin'd : My Jewels gone ! my Table-book gone too ! That may do me more harm, than the Jewels can do any Body good.

*Sir Gent.* Have you lost your Learning ? How cou'd you miss it so soon ? A Table-book ?

*Pilg.* Sir, I am robb'd ; and I took you very suspiciously about my Pockets, you shall answer the Robbery.

*Sir Gent.* Why, do I look like a Pick-pocket ? I'd have you to know, I scorn your Words : But that Trick shan't serve your turn——

*Pilg.* Serve my turn, Sir——

[*Offering to go by him.*

*Sir Gent.* You must not 'scape me so.

*Pilg.* Why, Sir, am I your Prisoner ? I must not be found here. [*Aside.* I have an Inkhorn may frighten him.

*Sir Gent.* Look you, Sir, here's the Inside of my Pockets ; I have nothing about me, but Bills of Exchange, and this Purse of *Elizabeth* Broad Gold : You shall search me, if you please.

*Pilg.* I

*Pilg.* I have search'd you, and found you, and must go by you too——

[Presents an Inkborn to his Breast.]

*Sir Gent.* O Lord Sir, I don't hinder you——

*Pilg.* No, no, you had not best.

*Sir Gent.* Pray take it away: I have a natural Aversion to the smell of Gun-powder——

Tho' 'twill be difficult to get away, for the Servants are order'd to stop you.

*Pilg.* How! to stop me!

*Sir Gent.* Now he wont offer to go.

*Pilg.* The Servants ordered to stop me, do you say?

*Sir Gent.* If you be the Pilgrim.

*Pilg.* Then I'll be the Pilgrim no longer——

[Undresses himself.]

*Sir Gent.* What will you be then pray?

*Pilg.* Ev'n *Sir Gentle Golding*; I will get off in your Person, since I can't in my own; I must change Out-sides with you——

[Begins to undress *Sir Gent. Gold.*

*Sir Gent.* O Lord Sir, there's no Occasion for it: I know nothing of a Design upon you.

*Pilg.* That's more than I know.

*Sir Gent.* Faith and troth now, what I said, was only to play the Rogue with you.

*Pilg.* And what I do, is to play the Fool with you. You must strip Sir.

*Sir Gent.* O, but this is carrying the Jest too far.

*Pilg.* Look you, you may keep your Worship and Wit for your own wearing; but I must borrow your Cloaths.

*Sir Gent.* At any other time, and welcom; I should be pleas'd with the Humour on't; but this is my first day of wearing 'em; besides, there's a Mistress in the Case——

[Dresses himself in *Sir Gent.'s* Cloaths.]

*Pilg.* As long as you live, prefer a Friend to a Mistress, *Sir Gentle*; Come Sir, a little of your Assistance.

*Sir Gent.* But I am to see her this Evening; and one would be well dress'd you know, the first time.

*Pilg.* If you must see your Mistress, Visit her in Masquerade; 'tis a fashionable way of beginning an Intrigue—— and a Pilgrims Habit—— is as Fantastical, as you can contrive—— to give a Lady a Curiosity—— of knowing more of you—— And that I know is your Business.

*Sir Gent.* That is my Business indeed: But if I lose my time——

*Pilg.* Don't make a noise, nor follow me; If you would see her, or little England again, know your Friends, and give thanks Sir——

[Exit.]

*Sir Gent.* What a pass have I bought my self to, by my own Policy! Why must I needs lye my self out of my Cloaths?

If I had held my Tongue, or spoke but the Truth,  
He would ha' gone about his Business, without interrupting mine.

Now here I must stay, to be expos'd in his Room;  
But in a foolisher Figure, than ever the Pilgrim made:  
He was only disguis'd: But I am stript.

He was drunk indeed ; wou'd I were dead Drunk,  
 To cover my Shame, any way ; wou'd I had any Disguise.  
 I Gad I'll put on the Pilgrim's—— It can't be worse with me——  
 Besides, the respect that is paid to this Cloathing, will at least  
 Carry me safe to my Lodging.

[Exit,

S C E N E *Changes to the Street.*

*Pilgrim in Sir Gentle's Cloaths, with Monsieur Traffique.*

*Traff.* Sir, I have accepted these Bills already.

*Pilg.* I know you have : But my Occasions falling out more Extraordinary than I expected, I am forc'd to press you for this Bill of 100 Pistols, before the Day.

*Traff.* I have so often suffer'd, for those Complemental Payments, that I have resolv'd against 'em : But my Correspondent gives me an account of Sir *Gentle Golding* ; you shall have what Credit you please with me.

*Pilg.* A hundred Pistols I have present use for.

*Traff.* If my Cashier were at home, you shou'd have 'em along with you ; but in the Morning, as soon as you please——

*Pilg.* I'll send my Servant to you—— pray Sir, what news have you in the City ?

*Traff.* The newest Sir, is of a Pilgrim, that is suspected of something ; I am Imperfect in the Particulars : but there are Warrants out to apprehend him, that I know.

*Pilg.* There's no believing Out-sides ; Sir, your Servant. [Exit *Pilg.*

*Traff.* So I think too ; And therefore I will be better Inform'd, whether you are Sir *Gentle Golding* or no, before I leave you. [Exit.

*Pilgrim enters at another Door.*

*Pilg.* The hundred Pistols, if I had receiv'd 'em, had carry'd me off cleverly, and for some time, supported my Designs, in another place, till an Opportunity had favour'd me in making a handsome Composition with Sir *Antony* about my Jewels—— However, I make a pretty good Figure still ; Here's a good Suit of Cloaths to begin the World with again——

[Strutting and looking on his Cloaths.

*Enter Courtaut, the Taylor's Man.*

*Court.* Bless your Worship, Sir *Gentle*, long may you live to wear 'em ; How do your Cloaths fit you, Sir ?

*Pilg.* Very well Friend, very well.

*Court.* Have you forgot me, Master ?

*Pilg.* No, no, I han't forgot thee ; for I never saw thee before.

*Court.* I am poor *Courtaut*, your Taylor's Finisher ; I brought your Honour's Cloaths home to you this Morning——

*Pilg.* Did you so, did you so ?

*Court.* By the same token, you said, you wou'd give me something to drink you health ; but you were pleas'd to forget it.

*Pilg.* I remember I gave thee nothing indeed ; but the next time——

*Court.* Aye, an't like your Honour, I am contented to stay, if my Master wou'd : But he has beaten me black and blew for leaving the Cloaths behind me, without Money.

*Pilg.*



*Pilg.* Gad forgive me; that I shou'd forget that too! But come to my Lodging an Hour hence——

*Court.* Please you, I'll wait upon you now to your Lodging——

*Pilg.* How shall I shake him off?

[*Aside.*

*Court.* For I dare not go home without the Money, or some part on't?

*Pilg.* Here, take this Purse, 'tis more than the Debt; but take the rest for thy self, now I remember thee——

*Enter Traffique with a Servant of Sir Gentle's.*

The *Elizabeth* broad Gold has deliver'd me.

*Serv.* Yes, Master *Monsieur*, that is my Master, *Sir Gentle Golding*. You shall see me speak to him—— [Goes to the Pilgrim.

*Traff.* Young Man, a word with you.

[To Courtaut.

*Pilg.* More Debts to pay! I shall fall like an Executor without Assets.

*Serv.* Sir, I have been about your Business, with the Messenger, as you order'd me——

*Pilg.* This is one of my English Servants it seems; I'll answer him in French to get rid of him.

*Serv.* If you were at leisure——

*Pilg.* *Que Demandez vous? que dites vous Laquais?*

*Entendez vous le Francois, grand Coquen?*

*Serv.* How's this? I durst ha' sworn it had been my Master; but I am sure he has no more Languages than Tongues, and that his Mother gave him: Besides he's too good an Englishman, to learn any thing in another Country.

*Pilg.* *Je ne vous en tens pas, je ne parle pas Anglois.*

*Serv.* It seems I was mistaken, Sir, this is some out-landish man; he can't speak English.

*Traff.* How, not speak English!

*Court.* I'm sure he paid me for the Suit upon his back, but just now, in very good English——

*Traff.* And wou'd have borrow'd a hundred Pistols of me, in as Civil English——

*Pilg.* I can speak English Gentlemen, I spoke French, only to try, if that Fellow had learn't any thing, since he came into the Country.

*Serv.* I'll have a tryal with you. This is some Rogue that has murder'd my Master——

*Court.* And stole his Cloaths——

*Traff.* And robb'd him of his Bills of Exchange. [*Exeunt after the Pilgrim.*

*Serv.* Murder, Murder; Roguery, Thievery, stop him.

*Enter Sir Anthony, Valentine, Ilford, and Abbe.*

*Ilf.* Nay the Pilgrim was in the right, in getting off before your Evidence came upon him.

*Abb.* I never heard of so Extraordinary a Rogue, as he confesses himself to be in these Tablets.

*Val.* But that our gentle Knight, shou'd neither hinder him from going, nor be forth-coming himself, makes me believe some Ridiculous Accident has light upon him.

*Sir Ant.* Let it be but Ridiculous enough, and I may forgive him.

*Abb.* The Ports are shut, and for the Pilgrim, if he be in the City, we shall have him again.

*Enter Sir Gentle in the Pilgrim's Habit.*

*If.* What's that sneaks by us fo ?

*Val.* Our very, very Saint.

[*Gathering about him.*

*Sir Ant.* Good morrow Pilgrim !

*Abb.* Won't you know your Friends ?

*If.* We were too late for your Levy. ~~men~~ men of your Austerity and Life never indulge the Flesh, by sleeping long ; you are an early Stirrer.

*Abb.* Pray look up : You can do nothing sure to cast you down.

*Omnes.* *Sir Gentle* Golding !

*Sir Gent.* Ev'n the very same.

*Val.* What do you in this Habit ?

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis whimsical and odd ; I had a mind to try if you cou'd know me in this Disguise.

*Sir Ant.* O yes, we know you in any Disguise.

*Abb.* But there's a Warrant out against the Pilgrim ; you'll be taken up for him.

*Sir Gent.* Why ? you don't take me for the Pilgrim.

*If.* But the Government will.

*Sir Gent.* The Government then, will take me for as very Rascal as lives unhang'd in it.

*Val.* But what's become of him ?

*Sir Ant.* You were last with him——

*Val.* You have convey'd him away.

*If.* Or murder'd him——

*Abb.* You must answer for him, for you have his Cloaths.

*Sir Gent.* Nay if it be so, I'll tell you how I came by 'em——

*If.* The whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

*Sir Gent.* I'll see him hang'd, before I tell a lye for a Rogue, that has us'd me so scurvily——

*Sir Ant.* How scurvily, dear Knight ?

*Sir Gent.* Why, when you left me you know, alone with him, he took his time, when my Back was turn'd, and clapt a Pistol to my Breast——

*Abb.* Bless the Mark ! a Pistol !

*Val.* A Pistol, *Sir Gentle* !

*Sir Gent.* A double Barreld Pistol.

*Sir Ant.* A brace of Bullets in each, I warrant you.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant you there were : for he swore he would shoot me thro' the Head——

*If.* The Pistol was at your Breast, *Sir Gentle*.

*Sir Gent.* Breast ; did I say—— Did I say, at my Breast Gentlemen ? But Breast or Head Sir—— He swore he would murder me, if I did not give him my Cloaths, to make his escape in.

*Val.* And so, you gave him your Cloaths ?

*Sir Gent.* No I thank you ; that were to make my self Accessory ; I put him to the trouble of taking 'em.

*Abb.* And

*Abb.* And very wisely done, Sir.

*Sir Ant.* So he stript you?

*Sir Gent.* To my very Shirt, I'll make Oath on't, before a Magistrate.

*If.* You put on his Cloaths then, as one may say, in your own defence?

*Sir Gent.* You may say so indeed.

*Abb.* Stick there Sir, *Se defendendo* will bring you off.

*Sir Gent.* I must ha' gone home Naked else.

*Sir Ant.* And could you have pass'd fully by us, and conceal'd such an occasion of Laughing at you?

*Sir Gent.* Prithee Sir *Antony*, no more on't.

*Officers bring in the Pilgrim.*

*Monsieur Traffique, Courtaut, and Sir Golding's Servant.*

*Serv.* Bring him along: Bring him along——

*Val.* What Rabble have we here?

*Serv.* We are enow to hang one Rogue, or we deserve to beat Hemp for one another.

*Abb.* Where are you haleing the Gentleman?

*Pilg.* Sir *Antony*, I am in your Power; stand but my Friend in this Business, and bring me off, you shall make your own Conditions about the Jewels——

[*He and Sir Antony Confer.*]

*Serv.* I'll swear point-blank my Master's Murder upon him.

*Abb.* Who is your Master, Friend?

*Serv.* Sir *Gentle Golding*, and like you; and I am his Man.

*Sir Gent.* Aye, 'tis my Man indeed, wou'd I were his Master again.

*Serv.* You my Master, you Rascal! my Master's a Knight——

*Sir Ant.* Now *Abbe*, I am even with you and your Pilgrim: But since I have brought him so far into his Business, 'tis matter of Conscience to bring him out agen. I was provided for his Impertinence; and since I cou'd not make him drunk, I gave him an Opiate to expose him as if he were; for that purpose I remov'd him to your House: But coming to himself before I expected, he scap'd that Design——

*Pilg.* And finding the Disgrace ready to fall on me, and in your House, I made bold to change Cloaths with Sir *Gentle Golding*——

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis true indeed, Gentlemen.

*Pilg.* But since Matters are brought to a clearing, I am ready to return 'em to the Gentleman.

*Sir Ant.* As you had 'em, I hope?

*Pilg.* Every thing but his Purse; which I was forc'd to give his Taylor there to get rid of him.

*Abb.* Return the Purse.

*Traf.* I'll see your Master paid.

[*To Courtaut.*]

The hundred Pistols are ready, Sir.

[*To the Pilgrim.*]

*Pilg.* For Sir *Gentle Golding*, I only hasten'd you.

*Sir Gent.* Why, how did you know I wanted such a Sum?

*Traf.* It shall be pay'd to you, or your order.

*Sir Gent.* Pray pay it to no body else. [*Exeunt Traffique and Courtaut.*]

*Abb.* You've done your Duty, Gentlemen; 'tis very well. Pilgrim, a word with you.——

[*Takes him aside.*]

*Val.* How

*Val.* How this fooling has run away with the time! [*Looks on's Watch.*

*Sir Ant.* I'll be for you immediately.

[*Takes Sir Gentle aside.*

*Val.* Within a quarter of Ten already!

*If.* I shou'd ha' been glad to ha' made one, *Valentine.*

*Val.* I thank you; but Numbers may discover us, and *Sir Antony* won't be out of the business.

*Abb.* Do me but this piece of Service, and I won't only pardon you, but reward you well when you ha' don't. Besides, 'tis a kind of Revenge upon *Sir Antony.*

*Pilg.* I am at your Mercy, and you shall command me any thing.

*If.* *Sir Gentle* says, you drew a Pistol upon him.

*Val.* That was not according to the Law of Arms.

*Pilg.* I can't tell how his Fear represented it, but it was an Inkhorn that disarm'd him.

*Sir Ant.* You won't fail, when I send for you?

*Sir Gent.* I'll but change Cloaths with that Gentleman, and be ready as soon as you please.

[*Exeunt Sir Gentle, Pilgrim, and Servant.*

*Sir Ant.* Now *Valentine* have with you—

*Abb.* 'Tis near upon your appointment with my Niece: I'll secure her Father within, the better to favour her running away from him.

*If.* I wish you well, Gentlemen. [*They go out several ways, Iford and the Duke; our Sir Ant. and Valent. together.*

**SCENE** changes to the Back-side of a Great House with Gardens.

*Count Verole, with six Bravo's.*

*Ver.* To morrow; let but once to morrow come,

And she is mine; Marry'd, and wholly mine:

If then not wholly mine, 'twill be my Fault.

Gentlemen, we must be every where to Night:

This English-man, that dares to Rival me,

May attempt farther; if he shou'd, I think—

*Floriente* but too inclin'd to pardon him.

But we'll prevent the worst. (*Whistle.*) [*Valentine and Sir Antony*

Stand and observe their Motions.

Nay, then 'tis he; be sure you

Murder him.

[*upon the Noise of Swords, crying Murder.*

*Count Canaille, with Sword in Hand, runs to assist Valentine and Sir Antony against the Bravo's.*

*Can.* Villains and Murderers, I hope you are not hurt.

*Val.* Thank your Assistance, Sir.

*Sir Ant.* If I am not a Man in this point, I'll never wear Breeches more.

*Val.* I know 'twas *Count Verole.*

*Can.* He has not rais'd himself in my Esteem by this base Action—

*Enter Floriente.*

What do you out of doors?

*Flor.* I cou'd not stay within, knowing your Danger.

*Can.* 'Tis over, now retire.

*Flor.* Pray



*Flor.* Pray pardon me ; if I have done any undecent thing, my Duty caus'd it in my Fears for you. [Exit.

*Val.* I'm sorry I have allarm'd your Family.

*Sir Ant.* I dare swear for him he is

*Can.* So far 'tis well, Sir : If you think your self oblig'd for what is past, shew it in what's to come ; forbear my House, my Daughter is dispos'd of : So good-night. [Exit.

*Sir Ant.* Very good Advice, *Valentine* : Since you can't make it a good Night with his Daughter, make it as good as you can with some body else.

*Val.* Why Faith, the Expectation of her has rais'd me into a desire of any thing in Petticoats.

*Sir Ant.* What think you of my *English Lady* ?

*Val.* You owe me a Favour there, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* To Night I'll pay it then ; I have an Appointment upon me now ; but not being in so perfect a Condition to oblige her, you shall make an End of my Quarrel.

*Val.* With all my Heart.

*Sir Ant.* I'll send my Governor to conduct you.

*Val.* He, like other wise men, makes no scruple of Pimping, when he gets by the Employment.

*Sir Ant.* Then you are not one of those fine Gentlemen, who because they are in love with one Woman, can lie with no body else ?

*Val.* Not I, Faith Knight ; I may be a Lover, but I must be a Man.

*Sir Ant.* When the dear days of Rambling Joys are o're,  
When Nature grudges to supply your Whore,  
There's Love enough for Marriage left in store. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Wairwell disguised, with Sir Gentle Golding.*

*Wait.* **S**IR *Antony* not being able to wait upon you in Person, as design'd, has desir'd me his Friend—

*Sir Gent.* Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Wait.* To shew you the way.

*Sir Gent.* I'll shew my good Breeding, and follow you.

*Wait.* The Lady is at present in private ; when she has dispatch'd her own Business, she'll be ready for yours.

*Sir Gent.* Then she's a Woman of Business.

*Wait.* And of Dispatch too, Sir : If you love Pictures, there's a Gallery will take up your Thoughts till the Lady's at leisure to employ 'em better. I'll let her know you're here. [Exit.

*Sir Gent.* How Ceremony disguises any thing ! I can't take this civil Gentleman for a Pimp, tho' I have Occasion for him ; nor this House for a Bawdy-house, tho' I have a mind to make it one. Wou'd *Sir Antony* were here, to

encour-

encourage me with his Impudence : When I have Company to halloo me, I can fasten like a Bull-Dog. But I have a villanous Suspicion, that when I see this Lady, I shall take her for a civil Gentlewoman ; a buse her, away, she does not deserve ; think too well of her, and loose my labour. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber. [A Song.

Valentine following Sir Antony Love in her Woman's Cloaths.

Val. Faith Madam, your Entertainment will keep you in Countenance ; you may own the making of it.

Sir Ant. You'll trust your Stomach with a cover'd Dish another time, Sir?

Val. You may shew your Face after it, and expect the Thanks of the Company.

Sir Ant. And disgrace the Reputation I have got with you in other things.

Val. Nay, if you think so, I wou'd not have you shew it for the World.

Sir Ant. That were to ruin the Complement you intend me.

Val. But after all, if your Face shou'd be as delicate as your other Charms—

Sir Ant. But if it shou'd not be as delicate—

Val. Then keep it to your self ; but 'tis pity 'tis not : but be it what it is, I will pay some part of my Thanks in advising you.

Sir Ant. You wou'd say Grace and be gone, my serious Sinner, wou'd you?

Val. Only to make sure of coming agen Child, that's all.

Sir Ant. Some of that all, I beseech you—

Val. My Doctrine will turn to thy use. Child, and lead me often to thee, if thou hast but the Grace to make the right Application.

Sir Ant. Good Holder-forth, bate your damn'd Faces, and begin.

Val. Why then, in the first place, about our Friend Sir Antony ; He's a very pretty Fellow I grant you ; but he's a Boy, a giddy-pated Boy—

Sir Ant. A little too young indeed to be trusted—

Val. In an Affair of this nature, by any Woman that has a Reputation to secure with her Pleasure.

Sir Ant. I have been afraid of his talking indeed a great while.

Val. You must expect it, Madam ; he has not Experience enough to value you : All Women are alike to the young Fellows ; as indeed all Fellows are alike to the young Women ; neither Sex chuses well, till they come to an Age of Discretion.

Sir Ant. There I am with you indeed.

Val. There is a maturity requir'd in Love, as in other Fruits, to recommend the true relish of it, to the distinguishing Palate of an Epicure. I am something a better Judge of that pleasure, than he can be : And I think fitter, a great deal, for an Intrigue with your Ladyship ; both in discretion and performance—

Sir Ant. Then Sir Antony can be. [Shews her Face.

Val. Sir Antony in Petticoats.

Sir Ant. But are not you a Rogue, Valentine ? Not to receive a Courtesie from a Lady by the favour of your Friend, but you must abuse your Trust, and supplant the very Interest that rais'd you to her?

Val. I am confounded indeed ! But are you Sir Antony Love ?

Sir Ant.

*Sir Ant.* All but my Petticoats.

*Val.* And are you sure you're a Woman?

*Sir Ant.* Are not you sure of that, Sir?

*Val.* I am; and charm'd with the certainty——

[*Kisses her.*]

Now every pleasure past, comes o're my thoughts:

How many opportunities have I lost,

That you have giv'n me, and must answer for!

*Sir Ant.* There are as many to come; you shall command 'em all.

*Val.* Now I remember; you father'd a Bastard for me, at *Paris*——

*Sir Ant.* I had the reputation of it indeed; and shou'd have had the Cow with the Calf; for her Father pursu'd me to marry her, thro' all means of Accommodation, into the strait at last of confessing my Sex to the *English* Ambassador——

*Val.* This you never told me before.

*Sir Ant.* He had her punish'd, and secur'd me in his Family, as long as I staid there; for you know, he was a Man of Honour——

*Val.* And a Man of Gallantry too, Madam, that knew which way to improve such a piece of good Fortune——

*Sir Ant.* As well as any body; and so he did *Valentine*: By his generosity and good usage, he press'd me so very far, that not being able to answer the Obligations I had to him, (having you in my head at that very time) I was forc'd to run away from him, to get rid of him.

*Val.* How could you keep this from me so long?

*Sir Ant.* Now 'tis more welcome to you?

*Val.* Had I known it before, it had been in my power——

*Sir Ant.* Not to marry me, I hope, *Valentine*! But if you cou'd be in that mind (which I neither desire, nor deserve) I know you too well, to think of securing you that way.

*Val.* But I wou'd not have engag'd my self, any where else——

*Sir Ant.* I know your engagements to *Floriante*; and you shall marry her. That will disengage you, I warrant you.

*Val.* You continue your Opinion of Marriage.

*Sir Ant.* *Floriante*, I grant you, wou'd be a dangerous Rival in a Mistress--

*Val.* Nothing can Rival thee.

*Sir Ant.* And you might linger out, a long liking of her, to my uneasiness, and your own; but Matrimony, that's her security, is mine: I can't apprehend her in a Wife.

*Enter Waitwell.*

*Sir Ant.* Well Governour, what think you of my Management?

*Wait.* Why, if you take but half the pains in your Profit, that you have spent in your Pleasure, I think we may expect a very good account of the Knight——

*Val.* *Sir Gentle Golding*! he's in your Debt indeed: I had not leisure to remember him.

*Sir Ant.* We'll laugh at him at leisure.

*Wait.* He's in the Gallery, expecting your pleasure.

*Sir Ant.* My pleasure is to see him, bring him in.

[*Exit Waitwell.*]

I promis'd him a Mistress, you must know: 'Twill be foolish enough to observe him, when he discovers me; pray stay, and laugh with me.

*Val.* The Interview must needs be ridiculous. [Goes to the Door.]

*Sir Gentle Golding introduc'd by Waitwell: He is surpriz'd at the sight of Sir Antony.*

*Wait.* My Office ends, where the Lady begins; I'll leave you to her.

*Sir Gent.* Pray, Sir, a word with you——

*Wait.* The fewer the better, till you have saluted her: You see she expects it.

*Sir Gent.* I shou'd have saluted her indeed: but the surprize of your Beauty, Madam, made me forget my Complement.

*Sir Ant.* My Face has surpriz'd him, I believe.

*Sir Gent.* Pray, did I never see this Gentlewoman before?

*Wait.* You best can tell that, Sir; but you are concern'd at something.

*Sir Gent.* A little concern'd, I am indeed, but 'tis only to know, whether I know her, or no.

*Wait.* In your Tour of France, you may have seen her; she's of the Country.

*Sir Gent.* A French Woman. *Wait.* Of Languedock.

*Sir Gent.* I durst ha' sworn she was an English Woman!

*Wait.* Born and bred among us.

*Sir Gent.* I'm glad on't, with all my heart. For I knew a little Woman, but a great Devil, so like her in England——

*Wait.* Very like, Sir.

*Sir Gent.* That faith and troth, I was down-right confounded at the sight of her.

*Wait.* Some Mistress, that you have forsaken——

*Sir Gent.* O fie, Sir, I never do those things——

*Wait.* I warrant you, and the guilt of her ill usage haunts you up and down, in her shape.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, I deserve it indeed; if it shou'd be so, for I was too barbarous to the poor Devil, considering I was the first that undid her.

[Sir Antony making a Courtse, points Sir Gentle to a Chair.]

*Wait.* See, Sir, the Lady wou'd have you sit down by her; I never saw her make such Advances before; you are very much in favour.

*Sir Gent.* Soft and fair. I must be more in your favour, before I have done with you.

*Wait.* She does not speak English. But there's an universal Character in Love, which every Creature can comprehend; when she has you alone, she'll grope out your meaning, I warrant you. [Exit.]

*Sir Gent.* So, since we have nothing to say to one another, we shall lose no time in Complements; I like her exceedingly: tho' I never look upon her, but *Lucia* comes in my thoughts; she's so very like that jilting Jade, I shall never love her heartily: A week will be the farthest, I shall be constant to her. What sign shall I make, to put her in mind of her Bed-chamber? Money speaks all Languages, this Purse will be my Interpreter.

*Vouslez vous, Do me the grand Favour——*

*Sir Ant.* But how shall we do to understand one another? You speak no French,



*French*, and I speak no *English*; 'Tis impossible to understand one another.

*Sir Gent.* Madam; you do speak *English*——

*Sir Ant.* I understand it a little; enough to know I resemble one. What did you call her, *Lucia*, aye, *Lucia*, a jilting Jade; you don't like that, for that reason you can't love me heartily; nor be constant above a Week: I understand so much, without speaking *English*; as you find to be understood.

*Sir Gent.* I find I do understand you.

*Sir Ant.* But I'll try to speak plainer to you.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, you speak plain enough, Mrs. *Lucy*. Would I were any where, to be rid of you.

*Sir Ant.* You see, we were not to part so. Fortune will have me oblig'd to you: I have almost spent the 500 *l.* I borrow'd of you.

*Sir Gent.* I'm glad I had it for you, Madam.

*Sir Ant.* And faith, 'tis very kind, in an old Acquaintance, to follow me in to *France*, to supply me agen: I know you came a purpose——

*Sir Gent.* Not quite a purpose.——

*Sir Ant.* No, not quite a purpose, some little Business by the by of your own, you might have, I grant you: But this Purse you never design'd for me.

*Sir Gent.* I'll force nothing upon you Madam; you may give it me agen, if you don't like it.

*Sir Ant.* Yes, yes; the Purse is an amiable Purse, and very well to be lik'd; only the Sum does not amount to my Occasions: There's no retreating, *Sir Gentle*, you are in my Power, and without a Reason, must continue my Prisoner; you know I never want a Pistol upon these occasions; 'tis not the first time I have robb'd you.

*Sir Gent.* Any Composition; but don't murder me; you know I hate a Pistol.

*Sir Ant.* What have you in your Pockets? Nothing but Papers?

*Sir Gent.* You have got already, all the Money I had about me.

*Sir Ant.* About you! with a pox to you: must I be so answer'd? And why had not you more about you? Stay, here's a Bill of 100 Pistols, at present, shall excuse you——

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis very well it does.

*Sir Ant.* Payable to you, or your Order? What's there?

*Enter Waitwell.*

Run, and receive this Bill for the Gentleman.

*Wait.* He shoud' Indorse it first.

*Sir Ant.* Come, Sir, you must lend me your Order.

*Sir Gent.* No borrowing among Friends; I'll give it you, to Monsieur *Traffique*. [*Writes, and gives Sir Ant. the Bill, and Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Why, that's well said. [*gives it to Waitwell, who goes out.*

*Sir Gent.* You live as it were by your Wits; 'tis better I should loose a little Money, then you should forget your Trade, for want of employment.

*Sir Ant.* A great deal better, *Sir Gentle*! But I must lock you up till the Money be paid.

*Sir Gent.* Aye, aye, with all my heart; but he won't scruple the payment.

*Sir Ant.* The next time I do you this favour, take care to be better provided,

vided ; don't let me lose my labour upon you, I speak as a Friend to you.

*Sir Gent.* I'll take your Advice.

*Sir Ant.* If I were not just upon my leaving the Town, and in a very great haste, I can tell you, you should not get off so easily.

*Sir Gent.* I am beholding to you : But I am sorry we loose you so soon.

*Sir Ant.* You may find me again, if Christendom stands were it does a Twelve-month to an end ; let not that trouble you. [Exit after Sir Gentle.

*Valentine comes forth.*

*Val.* Thus all things are provided for by Fate :  
The witty Man enjoys the Fool's Estate.

So Rich and Poor, let 'em compute their Gains ;

One has his lot in Lands, and one in Brains.

And 'tis but Justice Fortune should do more

For him, who being born so, would be poor.

[Exit.

*SCENE changes to the Street.*

*Enter Count Canaile and Abbe.*

*Can.* I allow all you say : And last Night's Action has not declin'd the Count from my Esteem, more than it raises *Valentine*.

*Abbe.* He'll keep your Daughter more orderly then a Nunnery can : ev'n let him marry her.

*Can.* You know, I'm out of my own Power and Choice.

*Abbe.* Hang your Choice, you may be sham'd on't.

*Can.* Indeed I do repent it ; but my word and reputation are engag'd to him.

*Abbe.* Is that a man to make a Grandfather ?

*Can.* No other shall, by *Floriant*, make me one : And therefore she shall be Religious, and take the Habit in her Sister's room—

*Abbe.* What, make a Nun of her, against her Will !

*Can.* To cut off all Pretenders ; but to prove how I regard your Friend, *Charlot* you know, inferiour in nothing but her Years, if *Valantine* likes her, she has my leave, and shall receive his Visits at the Grate : Let him but conquer her, he has gain'd me.

*Abbe.* Let him get *Floriant*, and he conquers thee.

*Palmer enters in another Disguise.*

Ah my little *Palmer* ! You lye as close as a man in a Proclamation ; but you are a Pilgrim of Honour, I find—

*Palm.* Where I am engag'd, Sir—

*Abbe.* Sir *Antony* can never discover thee.

[Turns him about.

*Palm.* I warrant I do your business—

*Abbe.* And your own business—

*Palm.* My own business to be sure, and Sir *Antony's* too, or I shall loose my Labour.

*Abbe.* About it, about it instantly, and prosper, my little *Palmer*.

[Exit *Palmer*.

*Enter Valentine with Sir Antony and Sir Gentle.*

*Abb.* *Valentine* ! I have some News for you :

*Walks off with him.*

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* But you amaze me, *Sir Gentle*——

*Sir Gent.* It would amaze one indeed, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis the oddest piece of Roguery and Impudence that I have heard of.

*Sir Gent.* Aye, so 'tis, 'tis pretty odd, and impudent indeed.

*Sir Ant.* A cheating Gypsie ; I warrant she has had her eye upon you, from your first coming to Town.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, not unlikely.

*Sir Ant.* I began to suspect her my self, she prest me so often to bring you.

*Sir Gent.* Ah ; if I had known that, *Sir Antony* !

*Sir Ant.* Why, what if you had ?

*Sir Gent.* Why, I would ha' staid away ; but if you had been with me, it had been the better for me.

*Sir Ant.* Much at one for that, I believe. But is she gone out of Town, do you say ? You should have apprehended her——

*Sir Gent.* Pugh, pugh—— she's gone from her Lodging, she must not stay long in a place.

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis very well she's gone——

*Sir Gent.* Aye, so it is : and I hope I shall never see her agen. [Exit.

*Sir Ant.* I dare swear for him, he speaks his heart.

*Enter Palmer to him.*

Well Sir—— your business with me ? If it be grave or wise, keep it for your own use ; I never approve discretion in any man, but a rump.

*Palm.* Sir, you may say what you please, or call me what you please——

*Sir Ant.* Nay Sir, I honour you, if you are one.

*Palm.* Then I am one, and one employ'd to you.

*Sir Ant.* Begin your Employment, that I may go about mine.

*Palm.* Why then, Sir, in few words ; there's a Lady dying for you——

*Sir Ant.* I never visit the Sick, let her die in peace : But don't let a Priest come near her ; he'll ask her bawdy Questions, when she has a mind to be serious.

*Palm.* She's only dying for you, Sir.

*Sir Ant.* Were she living for me, I could say something to her ; if she make a Will, as far as the Legacy goes, I may remember her.

*Palm.* Your Mirth becomes you, Sir ; but the Lady's in very good health, and, in short, only dying in love with you.

*Sir Ant.* Short and sweet.

*Palm.* And has a mind——

*Sir Ant.* I know her mind ; and what she has a mind to.

*Palm.* You know the World enough, Sir ; to excuse a Lady in Love——

*Sir Ant.* And absolve her too. *Palm.* Tho' she shou'd have a Husband——

*Sir Ant.* For making him a Cuckold——

*Palm.* Not to make a practice of it.

*Sir Ant.* The oftner the better.

*Palm.* Nay indeed ; there's a great deal to be said for the poor Women ; How can they help or avoid their Inclinations ?

Men are too blame, who like young Conjurors, prove  
(Safe in the Circle of a Wedding-Ring)

The Magick Spell of Wedlock upon Love :  
So, Cuckolds make themselves by marrying.

*Sir Ant.* Very Casuistically brought about, Sir. And I am so much of your Opinion, that I think the Lady cannot do her self a better justice, nor me a greater favour, than allow me to wait upon her on such an occasion.

*Palm.* That she does in this Billet : And if you think it worth your while to visit her—— will do you richer, and greater favours.

*Sir Ant.* I am at present engag'd—— But in the Evening——

*Palm.* The Evening wou'd do well : I am bad to say, her Husband's out of Town, the rest, her Note will best inform you in. [Going.

*Sir Ant.* Then this shall be my Guide.

*Palm.* I may cheat you out of your Cunning, before I ha' done with you.

[Exit.

*Sir Ant.* Why, what the Devil am I engaging in agen ! I shall draw all the Women in Town upon me, at this rate : Maids, Wives, and Widows, have one Curiosity or another always to be satisf'd. I have a Reputation among 'em ; and if I don't keep it up, by answering their Expectations—— I shall fail of mine, in my Frolicks, and be discover'd ; and that I have no mind to be yet a while ! But how the Devil shall I answer their Expectations—— Or this Lady's in particular, who has bespoke me for her Evening Service ? If I go, I shall disappoint her more than if I stay away ; and I know, good Soul, she wou'd be as much concern'd for me, to find me no Man, as at another time she wou'd be for her self, to be found no Maid, if she had a mind to be thought one. O here comes *Valentine* !

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* I wou'd as soon be a Lawyer as a Lover at this rate. Following a Mistress to no purpose, is as bad as trudging a Foot to *Westminster* for no Fee. Can you corrupt a Nunnery for me, my little Knight !

*Sir Ant.* I will do any thing for you—— but first you must lend me your Limbs, to carry on a Design——

*Val.* Do what you please with me.

[Exeunt.

*Palmer Re-enter with the Abbe.*

*Abb.* Thou art a most incomparable Fellow, *Palmer* ; the Prince of Pimps and Pilgrims ! But what ! *Sir Antony* is a young smoaky Rogue I warrant you, he suspected something——

*Palm.* Not a bit of suspicion.

*Abb.* He might scruple it at first, you know.

*Palm.* First nor last, he made no scruple at all ! But came into my Net, as fast as I cou'd spread it for him !

*Abb.* But came into my Net, as fast as I cou'd spread it for him ! Prettily exprest upon the occasion ! And I shall love a Setting-dog, as long as I live, for the sake of the Simile.

*Palm.* I'm glad it pleases you.

*Abb.* Pleases me ! Yes, yes ; it pleases me ! every thing pleases me. But ha ! my Boy ! he must not get from us, now we have him in the Net.

*Palm.* 'Tis our fault, if he does.

*Abb.* Why *Sir Antony* has us'd thee but scurvily——

*Palm.* To



*Palm.* To my Cost.

*Abb.* And Revēge is very natural——

*Palm.* And very sweet.

*Abb.* Revenge is sweet indeed ; it must be sweet ; a sweet Revenge, upon so sweet a Boy : And take my Word ; I'll do you that Justice upon him : For I'll tell you, what I intend to do with him——

*Palm.* Aye, pray Sir.

*Abb.* Why in the first place I intend—— not to open my Lips, upon that Subject. But I mean——

*Palm.* I hope so, Sir.

*Abb.* If I can compass my design, I mean——

*Palm.* What do you mean ?

*Abb.* Not to explain my self, *Palmer*—— Ah Rogue ! But you know what I mean. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE changes to Sir Antony's Lodging.

*Enter Sir Antony, and Ilford.*

*Sir Ant.* Why to tell you the truth, *Ilford*, there is a Woman in the case ; I expect her every minute.

*Ilf.* I fancy'd some such thing.

*Sir Ant.* She is a thing to be fancy'd ; and you wou'd think so, if you saw her.

*Ilf.* Do I know her, *Sir Antony* ?

*Sir Ant.* You have seen her.

*Ilf.* What nothing more of her ?

*Sir Ant.* None of your peevish Questions.

*Ilf.* 'Tis not *Volante* ?

*Sir Ant.* If it were, you don't come to quarrel for her ?

*Ilf.* Not I faith, Knight : I come in absolute good Nature to visit you.

*Sir Ant.* Why indeed, I could not expect the favour at your hands, as Matters stand between us.

*Ilf.* Nothing shall stand between us: Nothing did, but a Woman ; and I come to strike up a Friendship, offensive and defensive with you, by making a very fair offer to dispose of her.

*Sir Ant.* If you mean *Volante*, she will dispose of her self.

*Ilf.* I know she wou'd dispose of herself to you : But you won't marry her, *Sir Antony*: Now I am one of those foolish Fellows, who don't apprehend a Danger, till they are in't. I never think of being a Cuckold : I love *Volante*, and wou'd marry her—— Come, come, there are Women enow for the ill-natur'd purpose of your Love ; quit her to me, do a generous thing to a Woman that loves you ; and to a Man, who would engage you for a Friend.

*Sir Ant.* Why Faith, *Ilford*, I wou'd do a great deal for you ; but I must do something for her.

*Ilf.* Do me a Favour, and don't undo her Fame.

*Sir Ant.* But there's the pleasure on't——

*Ilf.* To ruin the Woman that loves you——

*Sir Ant.* Not so much out of ill Nature to her, as good Nature my self: Reputation must be had: And we young Men generally raise ours out of the Ruine of the Womens.

*Ilf.* But *Volante* is a Woman of Quality,  
And

And has Relations to do her Right, if you don't do her Reason.

*Sir Ant.* Would she had a Brother, to make a business on't: He could not do her so much right, in fighting for her, as he would do me reason, in making it the talk of the Town.

*Ilf.* That would set it about indeed.

*Sir Ant.* If I should say, I had lay'n with her; or endeavour to set it a-foot, 'twould fall of it self.

*Ilf.* As an impotent Piece of Vanity, or Folly in a young Man.

*Sir Ant.* But no body dares make a doubt of a Report, when a Relation has taken an honourable Care, by a Duel, to fix the Scandal in the Family.

*Ilf.* Why, truly I think the Men of Honour are out in that business: Scandal does not fall into the hands of a Surgeon, like the Wounds of the Body for a Cure: Opening and Probing, makes the Malady but more inveterate, and the least Air taints it to a Mortification.

*Sir Ant.* It heals itself of it self, without a Plaister.

*Ilf.* And Time must finish the work. I have observ'd some Women live themselves into a second Reputation——

*Sir Ant.* And other Women, who by a natural Negligence, never setting up for any, from the freedom of their behaviour, have pass'd uncensur'd in those publick Places, and Pleasures, which would have undone Ladies of a sprucer Conversation, but to have appear'd in.

*Ilf.* So that 'tis not what they do, but not doing all of a Piece, that ruins their Character, and undoes the Women——

*Sir Ant.* And condemns the Men too: For 'tis not any Man's Opinion, but his shifting it to the Occasion, that makes him a Rascal; as let his Opinion be what it will, if he continues the same, and acts upon a Principle, he may be an honest Man: But 'tis no Character I would advise a Friend to.

*Ilf.* But this is from my business, *Sir Antony*! And, all things consider'd, the difficulties of getting, and the danger of enjoying *Volante*; in my Opinion, her Woman would be the better Intrigue.

*Sir Ant.* Why indeed the Woman would often be the better Intrigue, were she as difficult to be compass'd as her Lady.

*Ilf.* It seems the danger doubles your delight.

*Sir Ant.* And we naturally covet, what we are forbid; for very often 'tis the bare pleasure of breaking the Commandment, that makes another Man's Wife more desirable than his own.

*Ilf.* As at present, the bare pleasure of opposing my Interest, has carry'd on yours with *Volante*, farther then otherwise you design'd.

*Sir Ant.* Why faith, there's something in that too, *Ilford*: Not but I have a very good Opinion of the Lady.

*Ilf.* Well *Sir Antony*, I wish you would think it worth your while, to make a Friend of me——

*Sir Ant.* I would make a Friend of you.

*Ilf.* Relinquish your Title then: 'tis but giving me now, what in a little time you will decline of your self: Make *Volante* mine, and make me yours.

*Sir Ant.* I would with all my heart; if I could do it with Honour.

*Ilf.* I warrant you with Honour.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* But how can I disengage my self? Matters are gone a great way between us—— she's coming up to me. [Waitwell, *whispers and goes out.*] Step into that Closet, you will over-hear what we say; I won't promise I can do you any service with her. But I'll do you all the good I can; that you may be sure of, and depend upon.

*Isf.* At least, seeing her here, will do some good upon me [Goes. in.

*Enter Volante.*

*Sir Ant.* O Madam, you as are good as your word.

*Vol.* I can keep it, you see, at your cost, when I like the occasion.

*Sir Ant.* We men are not more punctual to an appointment, upon the hopes of a new Mistress, then you Women are, upon the first promise of a Husband.

*Vol.* And it stands us upon to be diligent in both Sexes. For neither the Men, nor the Women, continue long in the mind of allowing those Favours.

*Sir Ant.* Why faith, Child, the best Excuse for foolish things——

(As Marriage you allow to be one——

*Vol.* A convenient foolish thing.)

*Sir Ant.* Is the doing 'em without thinking. But, what Madam, can't a Man sport off a little innocent Gallantry with a Lady, without being serious a both sides; You are in earnest, I see.

*Vol.* Why there's the Jest. *Sir Ant.* And keep me to my word.

*Vol.* On my word will I *Sir Ant.* You take all Advantages.

*Vol.* I may be allowed to take what Advantage I can in the beginning; I shall be sure to be the looser in the end.

*Sir Ant.* In all Plays, one side must be the looser; but Marriage is the only Game, where no body can be the winner.

*Vol.* That's making an ill Bett indeed, where we may loose, and can't win; Yet I am resolv'd to venture.

*Sir Ant.* But Child, hast thou no more mercy upon my Youth, my Dress, my Wit, and good Humour, then to make a Husband of me!

*Vol.* Since you could not have me on your own Terms, I know you'll take me on mine.

*Sir Ant.* Well, there's nothing but cheating in Love: Very often indeed we are before-hand with the Women; but when we marry 'em, I'm sure they cheat us.

*Vol.* And when do I cheat you, *Sir Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* Have a care of cheating your self, Madam?

*Vol.* Nay, one time or other, all Women are to be fool'd; and I had rather you should have the profit of me, than any Body else.

*Sir Ant.* And pleasure too, I beseech you. I am now going with *Valentine* to the Nunnery, to see his new Mistress *Charlot*——

*Vol.* And by her Interest, to see his old Mistress, *Floriante*; I know the story, and what the *Abbe* designs in it.

*Sir Ant.* I shall be back in an hour; by that time the Evening will conceal you the better: If then you are brave enough——

*Vol.* To meet you, with a Priest for a Second.

*Sir Ant.* I'll have a Father ready to bless our endeavours.

*Vol.* Let him be by to see you play me fair,  
And do your worst or best, and never spare.

[*Exit Volante.*]

*Sir Ant.* I warrant you, the first Night for an Heir.

*Ilford coming forward to Sir Antony.*

*Ilf.* O Sir, your Servant ; I see I am beholden to you.

*Sir Ant.* The most in the World I gad, when you know all.

*Ilf.* Know all ! I know enough to convince me, that you are not capable  
of a serious design of serving your Honour, or your Friend——

*Sir Ant.* What's the matter now, man ?

*Ilf.* And I was a Coxcomb for thinking you cou'd.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, you may be a Coxcomb however.

*Ilf.* What's that you say ?

*Sir Ant.* No quarrelling I beseech you, till you have Cause.

*Ilf.* Till I have Cause ; I think you have given me sufficient Cause——

*Sir Ant.* To thank me, I have ; if you know how to be grateful.

*Ilf.* O, I must needs be grateful ; and always confess the Obligation you  
have laid upon me, in promoting my Interest so visibly with *Volante*——

*Sir Ant.* So opposite to my own with her.

*Ilf.* With so much Diligence and good Nature——

*Sir Ant.* Well remembred, I gad.

*Ilf.* That in my hearing, and still to advance my Interest—— you have  
made an Appointment to marry her——

*Sir Ant.* And put you to bed to her.

*Ilf.* How, how, *Sir Antony* ?

*Sir Ant.* I knew there was no other way to do you a Service with her ;  
therefore I resolv'd to marry her for you, and put you to bed to her, for  
me.

*Ilf.* Incomparable design !

*Sir Ant.* A poor project of mine, Sir ; if you had engag'd in't, it might ha'  
turn'd to account ; but as 'tis, I go as I did.

*Ilf.* But take me along with you.

*Sir Ant.* I never impose a Curtesie upon any Man ; nor quarrel, because  
he is not sensible I am his Friend ; when you come to your self, you may re-  
pent——

*Ilf.* I do repent, and confess my self——

*Sir Ant.* Well ; what do you confess your self to be ?

*Ilf.* A Fool, an Ass, to pretend to vie with you in any thing.

*Sir Ant.* And will you always keep in this humble Opinion of your self,  
and allow me the Ascendant ?

*Ilf.* I shall be an Ass if I don't.

*Sir Ant.* But you must confess your self a Coxcomb——

*Ilf.* Aye, any thing.

*Sir Ant.* For pretending to censure, before you understood my design.

*Ilf.* You told me I was a Coxcomb before ; and now I begin to believe it  
my self.

*Sir Ant.* Well, upon your Penitence, I pardon, and take you into favour  
agen.

*Ilf.* And into the design.

*Sir Ant.* That you must be : And to convince you that what I do is per-  
fectly in your Interest, you shall marry us your self——

*Ilf.* With



*Ilf.* With all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* I have a Habit for you.  
Thus in the World Men keep a pother,  
And marry Wives for one another :  
And most, like me, in Frolicks woove,  
And, to their shame, as little do ;  
But marry'd Women know the Sense,  
And Rights of due Benevolence :  
I but provide for mine, what she wou'd soon,  
For first, or last, that Duty must be done.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ilford in a Priest's Habit, between Sir Antony and Volante : Sir Antony leads her to the Door : Ilford dresses himself in his own Cloaths.*

*Sir Ant.* **N**OW you have done the Office of a Father to the Lady, you may do the Office of a Friend to me, and go to bed to her. I can do no more than give you an Opportunity ; but if you don't employ it to her advantage, she'll never rely upon you. to improve another to your own.

*Ilf.* I never deserve another, if I don't make use of this.

*Sir Ant.* There's no Ceremony to make the Bride coy, in going to bed ; she came in an Undress, as loose as her Wishes ; and being under the impediment of but two Pins, I warrant she's in Expectation already.

*Ilf.* She shant expect long.

*Sir Ant.* There she is ; kiss my Wife and welcome. She won't cry out, for her own sake, till 'tis too late to discover it for mine.

*Ilf.* If she shou'd, I think the Castle's our own.

*Sir Ant.* I leave you to your Fortune ; I am going to seek mine in another Adventure.

[*Exit.*]

*Ilf.* You have made my Fortune here.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE Changes to a Bed-Chamber.

SONG.

*Volante sola.*

Methinks my Knight begins to shew himself already, in a Husbands Indifference ; making we wait so long alone, in a place, where nothing but his Company can entertain me : But I have heard indeed, that she who marries a Man for his conversation or good humour, takes care only to secure the least, or the worst part of it to her self : So this is but a small fault in Matrimony ; and ten to one, before the Year comes about, I may have a more reasonable cause of repenting. I think I hear him ? O Sir, are you come ?

*Enter Ilford to her.*

*Ilf.* Sooner than you expected, I believe.

H 2

*Vol. How !*

*Vol.* How! *Isford*——

[*Surpriz'd, and turning away.*]

*Isf.* I see you are surpriz'd to see me here; and indeed the Occasion, that brings me to you, is very surprizing. *Vol.* What can you mean by this?

*Isf.* You have stol'n a Wedding, Madam, tho' you think to make it a secret; you can't expect that Sir *Antony* shou'd bring his Vanity so low, not to make a Boast of the Favour he has done you.

*Vol.* By sending you to me?

*Isf.* To wish you Joy.

*Vol.* A very likely story.

*Isf.* And give you Joy, Madam.

*Vol.* Wou'd Sir *Antony* wou'd come, to thank you for your Complement.

*Isf.* He sent me with the Complement—— *Vol.* He send you!

*Isf.* To supply his place to Night. Your Husband wo't come.

*Vol.* Not come to me?

*Isf.* Be satisfied so far, you are abus'd; and to convince you, tho' too late, how unreasonably you have have prefer'd that Creature to every Body, he has done what no body else cou'd ha' done to you.

*Vol.* What has he done?

*Isf.* Giv'n me a fuller Revenge upon your Folly and Scorn, than I cou'd ha' conceiv'd for my self—— *Vol.* What has he done to me?

*Isf.* He has marry'd and undone you, left you—— *Vol.* Left me!

*Isf.* The first Night left you; left you to me: Not that I believe he design'd me a favour, more than he wou'd ha' done any Man else; but you had us'd me so very ill, he imagin'd, I was capable of any malicious Design of exposing you. *Vol.* Of exposing me!

*Isf.* But that you need not apprehend from me.

*Vol.* I'm in your power; but pitty me. My Folly, and my Fortune are too plain. *Isf.* Do you perceive it now?

*Vol.* I shou'd ha' seen it sooner.

*Isf.* 'Tis well you find it now. However you deserve of me; I come to serve you: And since this opportunity (that favours, and was given me for baser ends) encourages me to nothing, beyond the hope of your esteem, you must give me leave to think, that, from my behaviour, I deserve that Honour better than my trifling Rival does the Title of your Love.

*Vol.* You deserve every thing.

*Isf.* I say enough to warn you of him; but you wou'd venture.

*Vol.* My shame confounds me!

*Isf.* You wou'd not credit me.

*Vol.* I can but wish I had.

*Isf.* Were it to do agen, you wou'd follow your Inclination, and do the same thing?

*Vol.* I hate the Villain.

*Isf.* In your Anger?

*Vol.* No, to death I hate him: And were I free from him——

*Isf.* You wou'd not marry him!

*Vol.* Never.

*Isf.* Then you are free from him.

*Vol.* How! free from him!

*Isf.* Not marry'd to him.

*Vol.* Wou'd you cou'd prove it too.

*Isf.* I'll make it plain, if you'll consent to it——

*Vol.* More willingly, than I did e're consent. Make that but plain to me; and what returns are in the poor power of one so lost——

*Isf.* So sav'd, I hope.

*Vol.* You shall command.

*Isf.* I may restore you to your liberty; but never can my self. [Exit.]

SCENE

## SCENE changes to the Street.

*Enter Sir Antony and Valentine.*

*Sir Ant.* This is the time, and place of appointment ; what 'twill come to, *Valentine*, I can't tell.

*Val.* 'Tis a whimsical Undertaking methinks, to support another Woman's Intrigue, at your Expence——

*Sir Ant.* There's no buying such a Frolick to dear.

*Val.* And part with your Lover to oblige her !

*Sir Ant.* So long, I can't part with you ; to provide for your pleasure as well as my own : Besides, 'tis a diverting piece of Roguery ; and will be a Jest as long as we know one another.

*Enter Palmer.*

*Palm.* Who's there ? *Sir Antony !*

*Sir Ant.* The same ; I am afore-hand with you.

*Palm.* The Lady, Sir, will thank you. Whom have you with you there ?

*Sir Ant.* Only a Servant.

*Palm.* You'll have no need of him ; I come to serve you : Besides he may be seen.

*Sir Ant.* I'll send him away.

*Palm.* I'll but step in, to make your way to the Lady, and will wait upon you agen. *[Exit.]*

*Val.* By this Fellow's advising to send away your Servant, I fancy he may be a Rogue.

*Sir Ant.* If he be a Rogue, I am resolv'd to discover the bottom of him ; but if there be a Woman in the case, I'll leave you to the Employment——

*Enter Palmer.*

*Palm.* Sir.

*Sir Ant.* Here.

*Palm.* Are you alone ?

*Sir Ant.* I am.

*Palm.* Follow me.

*Sir Ant.* Follow me.

*[Exeunt Valentine following Sir Antony.]*

## SCENE changes to the inside of a House.

*Enter Sir Antony and Valentine.*

*Val.* Your Pimp proceeds with Caution. But these dark Deeds may require our dark Lanthorn.

*Sir Ant.* Give it me ; I can manage this ; you must manage the Lady, and for once, not to make a Custom of it, I'll hold a Candle to you.

*Palmer enters.*

*Palm.* Where are you, *Sir Antony ?*

*Val.* Here.

*Palm.* I'm glad you are, and here I'll keep you——

*Val.* Ha !

*Palm.* Have you forgot your Friend the Pilgrim ? I am that Lady in love with you ; and now I have you to my self, I must come nearer to you.

*Val.* The Devil you must——

*[Throws Palmer down, Sir Antony with his Lanthorn goes to 'em.]*

*Sir Ant.* Are you my Friend the Pilgrim, do you say ?

*Palm.* Then I am lost agen.

*Sir Ant.* Why how came I to forget you so soon ? and are you the Lady that was in love with me ?

*Val.*

*Val.* Rise ; and tell all you know of this business, or it shall be the last you shall ever engage in ; I know enough of you to send you to the Gallies.

*Palm.* Why indeed Gentlemen, I won't stand Trial with you ; I confess some design of my own upon Sir *Antony* ; but your very good Friend, the *Abbe*, first set it on foot, by employing, and paying me well, to decoy you into his power : Now, Sir, knowing your Character, I thought nothing would sooner spirit you any where, than the hopes of a new Woman.

*Sir Ant.* You see I am true to my Affignation.

*Val.* But where's the *Abbe* all this while.

*Palm.* He's in the House, expecting the good hour.

*Val.* How shall we do with him ?

*Palm.* To make my Peace with you, I'll contribute to any Design against him.

*Val.* That must be your way.

*Sir Ant.* Go then ; and to keep up the Jest, say nothing of what is past, but bring him to me—— [Exit *Palmer*.]

*Val.* What do you design now ?

*Sir Ant.* To continue the Scene with him. For having, as I told you, dispos'd of his Niece *Volante* to our Friend *Ilford*, I suppose they may have occasion by to morrow, for his approbation of what they are doing to night.

*Val.* That's well thought on ; his Consent will come the easier, for our having a Hand upon him.

*Sir Ant.* Get you gone then, like an Evidence, behind the Hangings.

[*Val. retires.*]

*The Abbe enters to Sir Antony, singing, and dances round him.*

## A S O N G.

*Abb.* Have I caught you, my little *Mercury* ! have I caught you !

*Sir Ant.* You're very nimble, Sir.

*Abb.* Aye, aye ; I have it in my head.

*Sir Ant.* And in your heels too.

*Abb.* Upon occasion—— Ah my little Man ! I'm young again ; when I like my Company.

*Sir Ant.* But who cou'd expect to see you here ?

*Abb.* Why any body wou'd have expected it : How cou'd you expect otherwise ? How cou'd you think, I cou'd stay from you so long ? What, you expected a Woman ?

*Sir Ant.* I did indeed.

*Abb.* Let the Women expect you, there's a plentiful Crop of Maiden-heads ; if the War continues to carry off the Whore-masters, some of 'em must fall of themselves, without gathering ; there will scarce be Reapers enow for that Harvest.

*Sir Ant.* There's no Female-Famine, in this Year's Almanack ; no fear of wanting Women.

*Abb.* No, no, no fear of wanting Women : But a good natur'd, old merry Fellow, as I may be, who can tittle tattle, and gossip in their Families, upon an ancient Privilege with the Mothers, may do any-thing with the Daughters : Such a Man is a Jewel, to bring you together.

*Sir Ant.*



*Sir Ant.* Such a Man wou'd be a Jewel indeed.

*Abb.* I know, you little Rogue, your business is to be wicked: I love to be wicked my self too sometimes, as often as I can decently bring it about, without scandal: And I will be as wicked——As wicked as I can be, for you, and with you.

*Sir Ant.* You can do no more than you can do, good old Gentleman.

*Abb.* Old Gentleman! I won't be an old Gentleman; I'm never older than the Company I am in: What, Five and fifty does not make an old Man; 'tis want of Appetite, Infirmary, and Decay, not Five and fifty, that makes a Man old: Five and fifty has it's Pleasures——

*Sir Ant.* As good have none, *Abbe*; they are faint and feeble.

*Abb.* Delicate and dainty, my Dear; palatable and pleasant, and thou art mine.

*Sir Ant.* How shall I know that, Sir?

*Abb.* Why thou shalt know, all in good time, Child; but an old Fellow, you say! [*Unbuttons, and throws down his Cloak.*] What shall I do now, to convince you, that I am not an old Fellow? Let me see; what shall I do for you?

*Sir Ant.* What can you do for me!

*Abb.* What can I do for you?

*Sir Ant.* To prove you are not an old Fellow.

*Abb.* What can I?——Why I can——I can part with my Money to thee.

*Sir Ant.* That's one Argument indeed.

*Abb.* Besides I can——I won't tell you what I can: But if you'll step in to the next Room with me, I have a Collation for you, and a——There you shall find, what I can do for you.

*Sir Ant.* If I shou'd retire with you, you'll be disappointed——

*Abb.* No, no, don't talk of disappointment; I hate to be disappointed.——We're very luckily alone, and shou'd make a good use of our time; no body will come to disturb us.

*Sir Ant.* But I may disappoint you my self——

*Abb.* You will exceedingly; if you don't go a long with me: Delays are dangerous, when Opportunities are scarce; and we elderly Fellows have 'em but seldom——I vow I'll teize you, and kiss you into good humour; I swear I will; if you won't go.

*Sir Ant.* But 'tis not in my power to oblige you.

*Abb.* I'll put it into your power, I warrant you.

*Sir Ant.* But that I doubt, Sir. For very unhappily for your purpose, I am a——Woman.

*Abb.* Ha! how, a Woman!

[*drops her Hand.*]

*Sir Ant.* A Woman!

*Abb.* What the Devil have I been doing all this while? A Woman! Are you sure you're a Woman?

*Sir Ant.* How shall I convince you?

*Abb.* Nay, nay; I am easily convinc'd, the very Name has convinc'd me.

*Sir Ant.* But if you have a mind to be satisfied——

*Abb.* I thank you Madam, I am satisfied, more than I desire to be satisfied; and as much satisfied as I can be, with a Woman.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* I told you I should disappoint you.—— [*puts on his Cloak agen.*

*Abb.* You did indeed ; and you have kept your word with me, you have disappointed me, plaguely disappointed me. But I beg your pardon, Madam, I hope there's no offence in a little Wagery——

*Sir Ant.* None at all, Sir.

*Abb.* I don't use to take the freedom of being so familiar with the Ladies——

*Sir Ant.* I do believe you.

*Abb.* Indeed I don't ; I pay a greater Respect to your Sex : And had I known you were a Woman before, I had kept my distance——

*Sir Ant.* Fie, fie, Sir, Ceremony among Friends! Tho' you know me now to be a Woman, you need not keep a distance. What tho' I have disappointed you in your way, I may make you amends in my own——

*Abb.* So you may indeed, Madam——

*Sir Ant.* You guess what I mean, *Abbe*?

*Abbe.* If you would be but so gracious.

*Sir Ant.* How gracious would you have me be?

*Abb.* Ah! you'll never grant me the favour——

*Sir Ant.* What favour?

*Abb.* Why—— to say nothing of this business.

*Sir Ant.* Is that the favour?

*Abb.* That's all, Madam? the greatest favour you can do me ; and then you do my business.

*Sir Ant.* Can you part with any Money now to me, now I'm a Woman?

*Abb.* Here are a hundred Luidores in this Purse——

*Sir Ant.* To muzzle the Scandal.

*Abb.* And I'll get you a Husband into the Bargain.

*Enter Valentine and Palmer.*

*Val.* She'll keep your Council, *Abbe.*

*Abb.* Hem, hem, hem!

*Val.* And in the scarcity of Men, you'll do her a mighty favour, I can tell her, to secure a Husband for her.

*Abb.* Hold you your Tongue, Sir. You shall have a Wife too, if *Floriant* will content you ; that Rogue *Palmer* has betray'd me.

*Val.* No body shall betray you ; we are all Friends : But this Lady and I have a favour to beg of you.

*Abb.* A favour to beg of me ! Any thing, any thing, as many favours as you please ; 'tis but asking, and having, in the humour I am in, Gentlemen.

*Sir Ant.* Our Friend, *Iford*, has marry'd your Niece *Volante*, and you must give your Consent to the Wedding.

*Abb.* Give my Consent to the Wedding ! Why, I'll dance at the Wedding. I'll have a Fiddle, and a young Fellow to tickle me, and teach me to Caper. Gads so ; I don't know what Legs I stand upon at the news on't ! I'll be as brisk as the Bridegroom the first Night. But we shall neither of us hold it ; twon't last the Year round with us ; I'm an old Fellow, that's the truth on't, 'tis done with me already ; I'm upon my last Legs. But I have *Floriant* and *Charlot* to provide for still ; Poor Girls! while they are in a Nunnery, they lie upon my Conscience : let me but bring them into the World agen, and I'll be contented to go out on't——

*Val.* Not

*Val.* Not yet a great while, *Abbe.*

*Abb.* As soon as I can get my self in the mind.

*Sir Ant.* Wee'l keep you in another mind.

*Abb.* Nay, I am easily perswaded; but I have done with you.

*Val.* The Lady Abbess is consenting to their Escape.

*Abb.* Being a Kinswoman, she was easily perswaded to give 'em an Opportunity. *Val.* 'Tis near the time now; wou'd I had *Ilford* here.

*Sir Ant.* Why, I am here; I'll stand and fall by you.

*Val.* I must not now expose you.

*Abb.* If you can but carry 'em off, the business is laid to your hands. [Ex.]

*Palm.* My business is over in this Town; and I had best get off while I can; for fear of bringing a worse business upon me. [Exit.]

### SCENE, the back-side of a Nunnery.

*Enter Verole and his Bravo's.*

*Ver.* What *Floriente* means by this Invitation to me, I can't tell; 'tis a favour she never vouchsafed me before: Perhaps the apprehension of taking the Habit which her Father intends she shall, has wrought upon her to consent rather to marry me: But let her consent, and design what she please, if she puts her self into my power, as to Night she says she will, I design to let her see, how very little I value that favour, for which I must be oblig'd more to her Confinement, then to her Inclination, or Choice. Stand close, here's Company.

*Enter Valentine, Sir Antony, and two Servants.*

*Val.* I am as full of apprehension, as an old Soldier upon the Guard of a Counterscarp; where his Fears cannot be more uneasy, than my Hopes are now.

*Ver.* He shou'd be an Englishman, by the Similitude, to let his Friends know, from his own mouth, that he has made a Campaigne.

*Sir Ant.* This is the backside of the Nunnery——

*Val.* And the Garden Door—— I think I hear it open——

*Charlot Enters.*

O *Floriente*!

*Ver. Floriente!*

*Sir Ant.* Stand fast, we're set upon.

*Val.* You must not meet the danger——

[To Sir Antony.]

*Ver.* Fall on, and kill the Ravisher——

[Fights.]

Come, my fair Fugitive, you must along with me.

[Leads her out.]

*Valentine's Party beats the Bravo's off; one wounded stays.*

*Floriente Enters as Charlot did.*

*Flor.* What noise was that?

*Brav.* Some help, I hope.

*Flor.* How my Sister *Charlot* has succeeded, under my Name, with her Count, to morrow will discover.

*Brav.* Ha! the Count then has the wrong Woman.

*Flor.* Wou'd *Valentine* were come.

*Brav.* O wou'd he were to help me!

*Flor.* Who's there? a Man wounded?

*Brav.* One of your Servants; if you are *Floriente*.

*Flor.* I am.

*Brav.* And wounded in your Cause.

*Flor.* I'm sorry for't ; do you belong to *Valentine* ?

*Brav.* I do.

*Flor.* Where is he ?

*Brav.* He got off safe ; and if you'll lend me your charitable hand, I'll guide you to him.

[*Leads him off.*]

*Re-enter Valentine and Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* Rogues, Sons of Whores, and Cowards! *Flor.* Sir Antony.

*Sir Ant.* Here am I.

*Val.* Floriante !

*Flor.* Valentine !

*Val.* I was afraid I had lost you.

*Flor.* Here's an honest man was conducting me to you, one of your Friends.

*Val.* One of my Friends ! He's one I did not reckon upon, if he be——

This is one of Count *Verole's* Bravo's.

*Brav.* I am ; and had not you interrupted me, I had done my Master service ; carry'd the Lady to him.

*Flor.* What a Mischief have I escap'd——

*Val.* Thou art a gallant Fellow, and dost deserve a better Master ; but thou hast done thy duty, and I will do mine ; carry him home, and get a Surgeon to him——

[*Lead off.*]

*Flor.* Well ; I run a mighty venture.

*Sir Ant.* Of loosing a Maiden-head, I grant you.

*Flor.* I may Repent——

*Sir Ant.* The keeping of it so long.

*Flor.* I may ~~repent~~ *at leisure*.

*Val.* You may indeed, if you don't make haste ; for we must expect to be pursu'd.

*Sir Ant.* You and I, Madam, are much about a fize ; what if we change Cloaths ; it may favour your Escape, if you come to be follow'd.

*Val.* Admirably thought on ! Madam, you need not make a scruple of shifting before Sir Antony ; whom, from this time, you may know to be a Woman.

*Flor.* A Woman !

*Sir Ant.* Now for my Petticoats agen——

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, the Abbe's House.

*Count Canaille, Count Verole, Abbe and Charlot.*

*Can.* Sir, I must thank you for the care you have shewn of my Family ; tho' I believe it has carry'd you farther then you are aware off : This is my Daughter *Charlot*.

*Ver.* Charlot !

*Abb.* Charlot !

*Char.* The very same. But *Floriante* is oblig'd to you ; you meant this favour to her : But by this time, she has put her self into the care of a Gentleman, who will find a kinder away of disposing her, then into the hands of her Father.

*Can.* Dishonourable Girl !

*Ver.* If it be possible, I'll recover her, and yet revenge my Love. [*Exit.*]

*Can.* But *Charlot*, how came you to think of running away with *Valentine*, when you know I design'd you to marry him ?

*Char.* Why, I thank you, Sir, you design'd very well for me ; But I was too well acquainted with *Valentine*, and my Sister's thoughts, to depend over much



much upon that hope : I knew there was no parting them ; therefore consented the easier to assist her, in getting out of the Nunnery.

*Abb.* Very well.

*Can.* Very well Brother !

*Abb.* Let her go on.

*Char.* I began to apprehend the danger of staying behind in a place, and profession, wholly disagreeable to my humour.

*Abb.* And well you might.

*Char.* I thought fit to provide for my self.

*Abb.* In good time you did, Niece.

*Char.* And accordingly, in my Sister's name, I sent to Count *Verole* ; he came at the time appointed, expecting *Floriante* : But *Valentine*, by what accident, I know not, coming before his time, knowing nothing of me, or my Plot upon the Count, took me for her, call'd me *Floriante*, upon which his *Bravo's* fell upon *Valentine* : But the Count in a more gentle-manly regard to his Person, encountred me, and brought me where you find me.

*Abb.* But methinks the Count, taking you for *Floriante*, his old Mistress, might ha' made another use of his Victory, then to have brought you in triumph to your Father.

*Char.* I expected he wou'd indeed ; but by what he said to me, I found he had little or no design in coming there ; but to revenge himself upon my Sister, and her scorn.

*Can.* I'm glad he has no other design upon her.

*Char.* And so am I indeed, Sir.

*Abb.* Why *Charlot* ? You are not in Love with the Count ?

*Char.* Not so much in love with the Count, as I am out of love with a Nunnery : Any man had been as welcome.

*Can.* Well, well ; if *Valentine* be not hurt, this matter will clear of it self—

*Abb.* And so it will, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE, the Street.

*Enter Sir Gentle Golding.*

*Sir Gent.* Why, how a Man may be mistaken in his Friends ! I cou'd not ha' believ'd it ; (had not one of their underling Rogues told me so himself) that any one cou'd ha' been so cheated, as I have been, by my own Country-men— If I durst but send any of 'em a Challenge, I might get some of my money agen ; but that may draw me into a worse Premunire, then I have yet been in. Let me see ; Can't I have a safer Revenge upon 'em ? *Valentine* has stoll'n a Fortune, and entrusted me to bring a Father to marry em ; now if I should go wilfully, in a mistake, to the Gentlewoman's own Father, for a Licence to marry 'em. The truth on't is, I have a mind to forbid the Banes, and get her my self, if I can ; for *Floriante* is a Woman of Quality—

*Count Verole in pursuit of her, Enters with his Bravo's.*

*Ver.* Do you know her, Sir ?

*Sir Gent.* Yes, Sir, I think I do.

*Ver.* Then as you are a Gentleman, assist me ; thus far I have News of her.

*Sir Gent.* I am a Gentleman, Sir ; you shall find me a Gentleman : And I'll tell you more News of her ; I'll carry you to the very place, where she

is, Sir; and that's as much as you can expect from a Gentleman, when a Friend is concern'd.

*Ver.* It is indeed, Sir, more then I expected; pray along with me. [*Ex.*

*Valentine with Floriante in Sir Antony's, and Sir Antony in her Cloaths.*

*Val.* So far we are safe, Ladies, and the shifting your Habits will secure us so: Wou'd Sir *Gentle* wou'd come agen; you're grave at the thought of him!

*Flor.* Men of your Conversation and Experience in the World, *Valentine*, seldom like the Women you marry.

*Val.* Because we seldom marry the Women we like.

*Flor.* Well, since Marriage at best is a Venture, I had as good make it my self, as let another make it for me, at my Cost.

*Val.* To let a Father choose for you in Love, is as unlucky, as when you are in fancy at play, and pushing at a Sum, to desire another to throw out your hand.

*Sir Ant.* I'll be hang'd if that fool Sir *Gentle* has not betray'd us. [*looking out.*

*Val.* Yonder he comes indeed, with a Rabble of Rogues at his heels.

*Sir Ant.* There's no resisting 'em; provide for your selves as well as you can.

[*Exeunt.*

I have yet a Trick to cozen 'em.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Gentle and Verole, as before.*

*Ver.* See, see, upon sight of us, they have quitted their Prize: Is this their *English* Gallantry? They're out of sight already. Let 'em go; the Lady is our Game.

[*Exit with Followers.*

*Sir Gent.* I'll make some of 'em know to their Cost, that by using me so little like a Gentleman, they have taught me to do as I do, and use 'em as they deserve.

*Verole returns with Sir Antony.*

*Ver.* Now *Floriante*, you find you have thrown your self a way, upon a Fellow that has not the spirit to stand by you, or himself, to keep your Folly in countenance.

*Sir Ant.* Pray Sir, a word with you—— [*takes him aside.*

*Ver.* Well Madam: What can you say to me?

*Sir Ant.* Why, I say, you're an Ass to run about to disturb other People: I am Sir *Antony Love*, not *Floriante*; don't discover me for your own sake; but get you gone about your business, and leave me to this *English* man.

*Ver.* I'll take his Advice, for fear of being laugh'd at: Sir, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this business, that I must desire you to take care of the Lady, while I go to inform her Father of what has happen'd.

[*Exit Verole, and his Followers.*

*Sir Gent.* Yes, yes; I'll take care of her, I warrant you. Why, what a lucky Rogue am I! upon my first inclination to play the Knave, to have so good an occasion of doing it.

And indeed, who wou'd take a trust upon him, but for the privilege and benefit of breaking it?—— So Madam, now I have you in my Care.

*Sir Ant.* You are a civil Gentleman, I know you.

*Sir Gent.* You shall know me for a civil Gentleman, if you please; tho I am a Knight, where I am not familiar.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* I know you are, Sir; you may have pity for me.

*Sir Gent.* Alack a day! I have indeed, a heart brim-full for you.

*Sir Ant.* You won't force me to marry that Monster?

*Sir Gent.* Not I, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam; nothing against fancy.

*Sir Ant.* To throw away my Youth, Beauty, and Fortune, which you know are not contemptible.

*Sir Gent.* Incomparable, Madam; incomparable; your Youth and Beauty, without your Fortune.

*Sir Ant.* Wou'd they were worth your asking.

*Sir Gent.* Wou'd I might have 'em for asking.

*Sir Ant.* *Valentine* I despair of; but if there be an *English*-man, as an *English*-man he must be——

*Sir Gent.* Why, I am an *English*-man; and wou'd marry you.

*Sir Ant.* The sooner you secure me, the better then.

*Sir Gent.* I think so too, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*

*Canaille, Verole, Abbe, Ilford, Volante, Charlott, Enter.*

*Abb.* Why here's a Night of Action indeed; *Ilford*, you began the Dance with *Volante*; and Count, I hope you'll continue it, with my Niece *Charlott*: As for *Valentine* and *Floriante*, they have had their frisk in a corner by this time, or he is not the Man I take him for.

*Verol.* When you fell into my hands to Night; had I known my good Fortune, I had improv'd it then: But now I have it, in having you—— And happier yet, in having your Content.

*Can.* You have my Blessing both——

*Valentine and Floriante at the Door.*

*Abb.* You may appear, we're all of a Family now, Cozen *Germans*, and Friends—— Come here's a Pair that wants your Blessing too.

*Can.* I can't deny it now—— Rise and be happy.

*Abbe.* I have a Blessing too for you, my Girls; Five thousand Crowns a piece more than I design'd you; and a Thousand extraordinary for her who brings me the first Boy; a small Gratuity, Gentlemen, to keep up your Fancy, and encourage your pains, that you mayn't think it unprofitable Labour upon your Wives.

*Can.* But why in Sir *Antony's* Cloaths, *Floriante*? Where is this mad Knight?

*Flor.* Somewhere in my Petticoats: But the Count can give you the best Tidings of him.

*Ver.* I left him with one Sir *Gentle Golding*; one whom you are beholden to; for familiarly, upon the first word, he betray'd you, and carry'd me to seize you.

*Val.* Well, I don't doubt but she will give us a handsom Revenge upon him.

*Can.* She? Who?

*Val.* Sir *Antony*, Sir; For this Sir *Antony* after all, is a Woman.

*Omnes.* A Woman!

*Abbe.* Aye, pox take her, she is a Woman.

*Vol.* Then I am free indeed.

*Ilf.* And I am happy.

*Val.* At leisure I'll tell you all her story.

*Enter Sir Gentle with Sir Antony.*

*Sir Gent.* Now, I am sufficiently reveng'd on *Valentine* and Sir *Antony* for cheating

cheating me; I think I have paid 'em in their own Coin: And disappointed the Count too, in marrying *Floriente*. *Omnes. Floriente!*

*Sir Gent.* Come Father-in-Law, this business will out I see; if you'll give us your blessing, so; if not, I shall begin upon your Daughter without saying Grace:

*Can.* Much good may do you, Sir, with your Bride.

*Val.* Aye, aye; we must all wish you Joy, Sir; You have a Blessing sufficient in a good Wife——

*Sir Ant.* If you know when you're well.

*Sir Gent.* O deliver me! What do I see!

*Val.* Why you see your old Mrs. *Lucy*, in your new Lady-wife; we are all Witnesses of your owning your marriage.

*Sir Gent.* I do not own it—— I'll hang like a Dog, drown like a blind Puppy, die and be damn'd, but I'll be divorc'd from her.

*Val.* That's your nearest way to Divorce.

*Is.* And will save the trouble of *Doctor's Commons*.

*Val.* Come, come, I'll put you in a better; There are old Scores between you and Mrs. *Lucy*—— You have made her a Lady indeed, which shews a grateful Nature in you, and will sound well in the Ears of the World. But to support her Quality——

*Sir Gent.* Her Qualities will support that.

*Val.* Out of your Two thousand pounds a Year, give her a Rent-charge of Five hundred, and she shall never trouble you more, not so much as to be a Godfather to another Man's Child upon her Body, which may otherwise inherit your Acres.

*Sir Gent.* Why there's the Devil on't agen, to Father another man's Children, when one is not so much as a-kin to 'em! Well, any Composition to be rid of her; I find 'tis a Blessing I must pay for. *[A Dance.]*

*Val.* Come, come, we must have a Dance to all these Weddings.

*Sir Ant.* Thus Coxcombs always the best Husbands prove;  
When we are faulty, and begin to rove,  
A separate Maintenance supplies our Love.

*Sir Gent.* When we have Mistresses above our Sense,  
We must redeem our Persons with our Pence.



## A SONG in the Second A C T.

1.  
*P*ursuing Beauty, Men descry  
 The distant Shore, and long to prove  
 (Still richer in Variety)  
 The Treasures of the Land of Love.

2.  
 We Women, like weak Indians, stand  
 Inviting, from our Golden Coast,  
 The wandering Rovers to our Land :  
 But she, who Trades with 'em, is lost.

3.  
 With humble Vows they first begin,  
 Stealing, unseen, into the Heart :

But by Possession settled in,  
 They quickly act another part.

4.  
 For Beads, and Baubles, we resign,  
 In Ignorance, our shining Store.  
 Discover Nature's richest Mine,  
 And yet the Tyrants will have more.

5.  
 Be wise, be wise, and do not try,  
 How he can Court, or you be Won :  
 For Love is but Discovery,  
 When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

## A SONG in Dialogue, in the Fourth A C T.

Woman. *N*O more, Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o're  
 I see it is all but a Cheat ;  
 Your soft wishing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,  
 Which thus so you often repeat.

Man. 'Tis you are to blame, who foolishly claim  
 So silly a lean Sacrifice :  
 But Lovers, who pray, must always obey,  
 And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

Woman. Of late you have made, Devotion a Trade  
 In Loving, as well as Religion :  
 But you cannot prove, thro' th' Ages of Love,  
 Any Worship was offer'd but One.

Man. That one let it be, in which we agree,  
 Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger :  
 We're both of a mind, make hast, and be kind,  
 And continue a Goddess no longer.

## SONG in the Fifth A C T. By Major-General Sackville.

1.  
*I*N vain Clemene you bestow  
 The promis'd Empire of your Heart,  
 If you refuse to let me know  
 The wealthy Charms of every part.

2.  
 My Passion with your Kindness grew,  
 Tho' Beauty gave the first desire :  
 But Beauty only to pursue,  
 Is following a wandering Fire.

3.  
 As Hills in Perspective suppress  
 The free Enquiry of the Sight :  
 Restraint makes every Pleasure less,  
 And takes from Love the full delight.

4.  
 Faint Kisses may in part supply  
 Those eager Longings of my Soul ;  
 But oh ! I'm lost, if you deny  
 A quick possession of the whole.

## PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

**T**HE Ladies have a lonely Summer past,  
In hopes kind Winter would return as last.  
The Seasons change; but Heroes at the same,  
A Twelve-month running in pursuit of Fame,  
Theirs may be good, but they have spoilt our  
Game.

Some weak amends this thin Town might afford,  
If honest Gentlemen would keep their word.  
But your lewd Tunbridge-Scandal that was moving,

Foretold how sad a Time wou'd come for Loving.  
Sad Time indeed when you begin to write:  
'Tis a shrewd sign of wanting Appetite,  
When you forget your selves, to think of Wit.  
Whilst thus your Itch is only to bespatter,  
Your Cupid is transform'd into a Satyr:  
Nothing of Man about you, all o're Beast;  
Submitting your chief pleasure to your Jest.  
Then Time will come (for Ireland falls of Course,  
And must send back her Conquerours, and ours)  
When each of us our Losses do recover,

Will mend her Fortune in a Soldier-Lover:  
They'll use us better much, then you have done,  
Take us in, passing, like an open Town,  
And plunder, do their business, and be gone.  
Or if, at leisure, they lye down to wooe,  
They'll rather make us Whores, then call us so:  
Nor send a whispering Libel thro' the Town,  
To blab the Favour out, before 'tis done;  
And maul the Ladies only in Lampoon.  
But if they write in a Sententious Strain,  
Two Lines conclude the Trajels of their Pen;  
One, only to know where, and 'other, when.  
And we can give a Lover leave to write,  
When all his Bills are to be paid at sight.  
O! wou'd our peaceful days were come again;  
Then 'twould not be on and off, a Queen.  
When once the Child was turn'd into her Teens,  
You cou'd not find a Maid behind the Scenes.  
But now your keeping humors out a door,  
We must dye Maids, or marry to be poor.

## EPILOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. Botelar.

**I**F Novelty has any Charm: to move,  
We hope, to Night, we've rais'd your drooping  
Love:

Not to the Youngsters of a noisy Pit,  
Whose Tongues and Mistresses out-run their Wit:  
But to the graver Sinners of the Bench.  
Who, from your Mothers Maids, have lov'd a Wench:  
Who, cheek by jowl with Time, have handled down  
The Vices of all Ages to your own:  
Here's a Variety, that may delight  
The Palate of each Ages Appetite.  
To you I'm sent, you who have dearly known  
The several Rates of Pleasure in this Town;  
And find at last, 'tis worth but your Half-Crown.  
You'll hear with Patience a dull Scene, to see,  
In a contented lazy waggery,  
The Female Montford bare above the knee.  
She makes a mighty noise, like some of you,  
Who often talk of what you never do:  
She's for all Womankind, and aws the Town,

As if her Husband's Breeches were her own.  
She's been to Night our Hero, tho' a Female,  
Show me but such a Whoremaster, tho' a Male:  
Who thro' so many shifts, is still the same.  
Pursues all Petticoats, preserves her Fame,  
And tho' she can do nothing, keeps the Name.  
Some of your Names are up too we suppose,  
Who turn'd of fifty, still wou'd pass for Beau's:  
You dance, you dress, you sing, you keep a noise,  
And think you're young, because you herd with Boys.  
To such as you, there is no Mercy owing;  
Your talking must not serve for your not doing.  
And since your feeble failings within doors  
Are known to us, be wise, and even Scores;  
Supply our Wants, and we'll conceal all yours.  
No matter what you can, or cannot do,  
You shall cheat others still, if we cheat you:  
Keep us but rich, and fine, and we shall find  
Young Lovers, always able to be kind.

